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THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA: A NATIVE CHIEF IN COUNCIL.

Sketched from Photographs by R. Caton Woodville.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

It is said that in the Phelan case no verdict could have been procured at all on account of the obstinacy of a single jurymen had not the other eleven conciliated him by recommending the two brutes to mercy. Never, probably, was a recommendation so uncalled for, but the pig-headed jurymen—unlike the "pig-faced lady"—is a common type. Carlyle was on a jury with a person of this kind upon an india-rubber case, which was appropriately elastic and lasted for two days. "The refractory man, a thick-set, flat-headed sack, erected himself in his chair and said: 'I am one of the firmest-minded men in England. I know this room pretty well: I have starved out three juries already.' Carlyle said: 'Don't argue with him—flatter him.' It was a head all cheek, jaw, and no brow, shaped somewhat like a great ball of putty dropped from a height. We all set to work. In an hour we at last prevailed upon him to agree."

Jurymen are sometimes quite unconscious of their own determination of spirit. One of them, Mr. Croake James tells us, once explained to the Recorder, who had noticed his peculiarity, that his behaviour was entirely misunderstood. "No man, Sir, is more open than I am to conviction, and to do what is right in every case, but I have not met with the same consideration from others. It has generally been my lot to be on a jury with eleven of the most obstinate men imaginable, who will not listen to reason." It is fair to say that once in a hundred times or so this minority of one proves to be in the right. Lord Lyndhurst mentions a case in which, through the opposition of a single individual, the jury, who were otherwise all for a verdict of guilty, could come to no agreement; but on the prisoner being tried again he was unanimously, and, as it turned out, justly, acquitted. On the other hand, some jurymen have too low an opinion of what some philosophers call their *ego*, and are willing to depute their duties to an *alter ego*. When Mr. Justice Gould had been about two hours trying a case at York he noticed there were but eleven jurymen in the box. "Please, my Lord," replied the foreman, in answer to the judge's natural inquiry, "the other has gone away about some business he had to do, but he has left his verdict with me."

The most remarkable case of a jury "standing out" against what seemed unrefutable testimony, and all through the resolution of one man, occurred before Chief Justice Dyer. He presided at a murder trial in which everything went against the prisoner, who on his part could only say that on his going to work in the morning he had found the murdered man dying, and tried to help him, whereby he had become covered with blood; but when the man presently died, he had come away and said nothing about it, because he was known to have had a quarrel with the deceased, and feared that he might get into trouble. The hayfork with which the man had been murdered had the prisoner's name on it. In other respects his guilt appeared to be clearly established, and the Chief Justice was convinced of it. When this is the case, a judge likes to get a conviction. I have sat beside one myself, who on the second day brought his black cap with him, neatly folded, and placed it in the drawer before him ready for use, and very much annoyed he seemed to be when the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty." This was Chief Justice Dyer's case, and when, notwithstanding their being locked up all night without fire and candle, his jury could come to no decision, and eventually came to the wrong one, he put some very searching questions to the High Sheriff. The cause of the acquittal, said that official, was undoubtedly the foreman, a farmer of excellent character, esteemed by all his neighbours, and very unlikely to be obstinate or vexatious. "Then," said the Judge, "I must see this foreman, for an explanation of the matter I will have." The foreman came, and after extracting from his Lordship a promise of secrecy, proved at once that the prisoner had been rightly acquitted, "for," said he, "it was I myself who killed the man." It had been no murder, for the other had attacked him with the hayfork, and (as he showed) severely injured him; but in the struggle to get possession of the weapon he had the misfortune to give the man a fatal wound. He had no fears as to his being found guilty of the murder, but, the assizes being just over, his farm and affairs would have been ruined by a confession, through lying so long in jail, so he suffered matters to take their course. He was horrified to find one of his own servants accused of the matter, supported his wife and children while in prison, managed to be placed on the jury and elected foreman, and resolutely held out in favour of the prisoner's innocence. He added that if he had failed in this he would certainly have confessed to his own share in the business, and the Judge believed him. Every year for fifteen years his Lordship made inquiries as to the foreman's existence, and at last happening to survive him, he considered himself free to tell the story.

Had it been any other year than the present it is certain we should not have heard so much about the conjunction of Sol and Aquarius—the power of the sun and the water-bottle to produce conflagrations; but there seems no limit to the cloud of witnesses who have beheld this phenomenon

since March last. It is doubtful, however, whether their motive is to corroborate the facts so much as to establish the geniality of the climate of their locality. I notice that most of the testimony comes from Scotland—one of the last places where one would expect to find it. A somewhat similar use, it has been remarked, is made of earthquakes on the rare occasions when they occur in this country. People do not write to the newspapers about them for scientific reasons, but to establish their own domestic character: "Myself and my wife, as usual, had retired early, and were awakened by a distinct seismic shock, &c., &c."

The love of the sparrow for the looking-glass, described in a recent number of the *Spectator*, is noteworthy, though one cannot but wonder at an editor of such acknowledged good taste and tenderness of heart having made public an incident evidently intended to be of a confidential kind. When a female preens herself in a mirror, even though it be in another person's room, it doesn't behove the proprietor to reveal the circumstance. And after all, it is but a poor triumph to convict a sparrow of vanity. Among our own race we have many examples of the same weakness in ladies whose plumage, so to speak, is not one whit more remarkable for beauty. As to birds being "capable of vanity," who that has seen a peacock spread its tail can doubt it? It is not so generally known, however, that birds are capable of vengeance. An inhabitant of Brenchley having shot a hen swallow skimming in the air with her mate, the enraged male bird flew at his face, and continued to molest him, "with every appearance of anger," whenever he appeared abroad. The incident happened at a time when there was little sentiment about such matters, but the man is described as having been really troubled about it, though he was not the first murderer, if we are to believe the classics, identified by a bird. One day only was he free from the little creature's reproaches. On Sunday it forbore to persecute him—as some thought, from religious motives, but more probably from its failing to recognise him in his go-to-meeting clothes.

A much more remarkable instance of vengeance in the swallow is vouched for by Mr. Gavin Inglis of Strathendry, as famous in his time as an observer of nature as White of Selborne himself. A sparrow had early in the spring taken possession of an old swallow's nest, and had laid some eggs in it, when the original owner and builder made her appearance and claimed her rights. As the usurper would not budge, she brought her mate and another bird (probably her legal adviser) to assist her, but all in vain. Then she brought other swallows (military and police) to effect the eviction, and that, too, failed; the sparrow sat hard and fast on her eggs, and pecked through the little hole at her enemies. Then the swallows, despairing of accomplishing their object, brought clay and other materials, and, plagiarising the system adopted in Holy Isle and other monastic institutions, built up the poor bird alive.

There is always a difficulty about anonymous communications if, as does not often happen, they are of an agreeable kind. One cannot thank one's correspondent, and yet not to do so is to harbour a sense of ingratitude. The gentleman (for it could not possibly have been a lady) who wrote to me last week so courteously in connection with the stropping of razors may be assured that his kindness is appreciated.

The Congregational Union, it seems, among other interesting statements, speaks of "the rights of humanity to take precedence of those of property" as "an elementary truth." As a moral syllogism, the observation is faultless, but it is clear that the members of the Union do not study the daily papers, or (doubtless from the highest motives) ignore their police intelligence. The same newspaper which told me the Phelan fiends got a few months imprisonment contained the case of a man who had three years' penal servitude for embezzling a few pounds! To pickle a child is, in the eye of the law, a less serious offence than to steal a walnut off the tree.

A gentleman of title—and, indeed, with five titles, though none of them belonged to him—has got into trouble for obtaining his living by dishonest means. If he should be found guilty, all students of human nature should regret the circumstance, for he belonged to the same famous and long-established school. If what is alleged about him is correct there are few persons who have an equal knowledge of the weaknesses of their fellow-creatures. His attentions, however, seem chiefly to have been devoted to the aristocracy, of whose moral character he seems to have entertained the same opinion as the individual who cleared a large provincial town of its curates, by writing to each the three words "All is discovered," had of the Church. He took it for granted that they all had skeletons in their cupboards, and, so to speak, played on the bones. He had a complete letter-writer of his own adapted to the circumstances; his favourite card was an offer of £50 to return certain "incriminating letters," such as noblemen, with the generous impulsiveness so characteristic of high birth, always write. He was also prepared to go into still more delicate matters, the evidence of the infidelities of their wives.

But his *pièce de résistance*, if one can so term a lady who was described as very willing, was the Australian heiress, whose tens of thousands would have been an agreeable addition to any nobleman's income. This lady did not exist, having been evolved solely out of his own imagination, but she was not the less attractive—on paper. Drafts of letters bearing the names of "187 peers and baronets" were found in his apartment marked, with deplorable familiarity, "Good for marriage." There was also found a sort of chart for navigation in these dangerous waters, with nearly a hundred "notes for replies." A more perfect combination of the man of business and the "man of letters" is hardly to be conceived: with his experience, what a first-class contributor to a fourth-class journal of fashion he would make!

It was felt that if the statement of Mr. John Daly, the jockey, at the Mansion House the other day, charged with begging, should turn out to be correct, a dark cloud would fall upon the most promising profession for our boys. There is no calling of late years that has given them such brilliant prospects. In reputation and popularity it has almost equalled that of the prize-fighter, and for steadiness, if not for largeness, of income it has exceeded it. If we got our boy into a good racing stable, and he showed satisfactory symptoms of attenuation, we felt he was provided for, and might hereafter rise to the highest eminence and shed a reflected lustre upon the family. But Mr. Daly said, "Though now in this impecunious condition, you see before you a jockey who has won the Oaks, and even pulled off the Derby (on Hermit, in 1867)." The Lord Mayor was very naturally overcome by this amazing reverse of fortune, and remanded Mr. D. for inquiries. It now turns out that he is an impostor, but that the true and original Daly has been "resident for years in Prussia"—not a very "festive" termination of a great career.

There is no less attractive form of narrative than that conveyed in letters. The date, the address, the "My dear Blank" at the head of each epistle, are like so many items in an obstacle race to the progress of the reader. The story is broken up by them, and loses that momentum of interest which belongs to continued narration; one has to start again each time before one regains the swing of it. It is all the more creditable to the letter-writer if, notwithstanding these drawbacks, he can still rivet the reader's attention, and this feat has been accomplished in the letters of Lady Burghersh (1813 to 1814). At twenty years of age she accompanied her husband, Commissioner to the headquarters of the Allied Army in Germany, when Napoleon was in retreat from Moscow, and gives us such graphic descriptions of those times as have been surpassed by no historian. The position she occupied was unique indeed, for she was the only lady at headquarters; and "everyone ran to look at the Princesse Anglaise," as she was universally called. The Emperors of Russia and Austria, the King of Prussia, Blücher, Schwarzenberg, and Metternich all acknowledged her charms, and in return she has painted their portraits, not, indeed, for themselves, but for us. The splendours of war and its horrors are described by her with equal skill; nor, indeed, except in the stories of Erckmann-Chatrian, do we elsewhere find so graphic an account of them.

Wherever these sovereigns, still trembling for their thrones, and far from comfortable in their circumstances, are assembled, there is a certain amount of gaiety. At Troyes Lady Burghersh finds herself the only woman in the theatre, "boxes, pit, and gallery being entirely filled by the army," or rather armies. France has been depopulated by the conscription. "One never sees a young man," she says, "and I am particularly struck by not seeing any babies whatever." One hardly knows whether most to admire this bright young girl as the cynosure of the splendid circle amid which, by an opportunity given to no other of her sex, she found herself, or as a woman left by the fortune of war to her own resources. At Bar-sur-Aube the Emperors moved on in the night, with Metternich, who had promised to provide her with requisition horses, but forgot all about it. "After despairing for an hour I began to think that I must do something for myself, and that with five senses and money I might do much; so I set about the means of getting on, for the rear of an army is, for many reasons, much the worst place to be in. I sent to the Mayor of the town, and after every sort of difficulty, rowing, begging, threatening, and forcing, I got four wretched requisition horses; but the driver ran off, and after waiting from nine in the morning till two, I got hold of a one-armed man whom I made drive, and set off boldly, having sent a servant on here to tell Prince Metternich to get me quarters." It is most curious, amid all this lady's war correspondence, to note what one may call her home news: "I hope you will have the charity to send me the new poem which I see Lord Byron is publishing ('The Corsair') and also Miss Burney's (or rather, I believe, Madame d'Arblay's) new novel. I have not a book to read, and one can get nothing in these towns, as all the people shut up their shops for fear of pillage." The Russians, especially the Cossacks, played a very different rôle in France, and especially in Paris, from the present.

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

Parliament meets again this week under peculiar conditions. An autumn session is no novelty, but this session is a prolongation, with a brief interval, of that which began last February. Moreover, the political situation is, in its most important aspects, without precedent. A Ministry returned to power chiefly with the object of making a great constitutional change has had its great measure flung in its face by the House of Lords. The Opposition contend that this is a challenge which any self-respecting Cabinet ought to accept by appealing to the country. Ministers reply that they were chosen by the constituencies last year to give effect to a policy of which Home Rule is a part, not the whole. Mr. Asquith has been making some able speeches, in which the position of the Government has been clearly defined. The Home Secretary says that the Prime Minister and his colleagues deny the right of the House of Lords to force a dissolution; that they will persevere with their British measures whilst they possess the confidence of the House of Commons, that they would be unworthy of credit if they were to abandon Home Rule, but they will choose the time and the form at which and in which their Irish policy shall again be pressed upon Parliament. It is evident that the Government have no intention of carrying the Home Rule Bill through the House of Commons in detail once more. When and how this measure will be presented to the House of Lords a second time—whether it will be reintroduced into the House or passed through the Commons in the first place by a simple resolution—these are considerations which the Prime Minister alone will decide, and for the present he keeps his own counsel. All that is actually known of the legislative intentions of the Cabinet is that the few weeks before Christmas will be devoted to the Employers' Liability Bill and the Local Government Bill. The first of these measures has passed through the Committee stage already, and awaits report and third reading. The other Bill has been read a first time, and is on the eve of Committee. There is no doubt that it will be very exhaustively discussed in both Houses. Meanwhile the Government are somewhat vaguely threatened with the defection of Mr. John Redmond and his eight followers, who demand as the price of their support of the Newcastle Programme the consideration during the autumn sittings of a measure for the reinstatement of the evicted tenants. Mr. Redmond's warnings are not at present taken very seriously by the Ministerialists, and a positive scare has not been excited in their ranks by the manifesto of the Fabian Society calling upon all good Radicals to revolt against the Government. The *Quarterly Review* has pointed out to the Opposition that if the Government can hold their majority in the Commons they may remain in office several years, and that the Irish members have every motive of self-interest to co-operate with the Liberals for that end. On the other hand, there is a feeling that a dissolution may come next autumn, after Ministers have tried another fall with the Lords over Welsh Disestablishment and the series of measures with which they hope to gain popularity and to strengthen their case against the hereditary Chamber. It is admitted by Mr. Gladstone's followers that they can hope to carry Home Rule only by the motive power of their British programme. It is admitted by the *Quarterly Review* that this policy may place the Lords in a serious dilemma, in which they must either incur unpopularity by rejecting Liberal measures or help Home Rule by passing them. Such a situation is pregnant with surprises, and its development will be watched with extraordinary interest.

THE MATABELE WAR

Lobengula and his braves, if they are not speedily put "hors de combat" by the combined advance of the British South Africa Company's troops, from Fort Charter and Fort Victoria, and of the Bechuanaland force, with that of our native ally, Khama, king of the Bamangwato, from the opposite western side, under Colonel Goold-Adams, will need to be dealt with by more extensive military operations. In that case, it is satisfactory to know that so able an officer as Colonel Sir Frederick Carrington will arrive at Capetown by the middle of November, to give his advice and assistance to Governor Sir Henry Loch. It appears still doubtful whether the Matabele warriors are sufficiently formidable in numbers, or in aptitude for strategic movements, to demand larger preparations for the contest than have already been made, and the approach of the rainy season is a more likely cause of any delay that may presently be incurred. Colonel Goold-Adams was, on Oct. 27, believed to be with his column of troops about eighty miles west-south-west of Bulawayo, the capital of Lobengula's country. It is not improbable that he may find that place undefended and abandoned, and that the "impis" of the enemy will have occupied less accessible positions in the hill ranges.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE NEW LORD MAYOR AND SHERIFFS.

The new Lord Mayor of London, Alderman George Robert Tyler, is son of the late Mr. William Tyler, and was born in 1835. He is head of the firm of Messrs. Venables, Tyler, and Company, paper-makers, Queenhithe, which has already supplied a Lord Mayor to the City in the person of

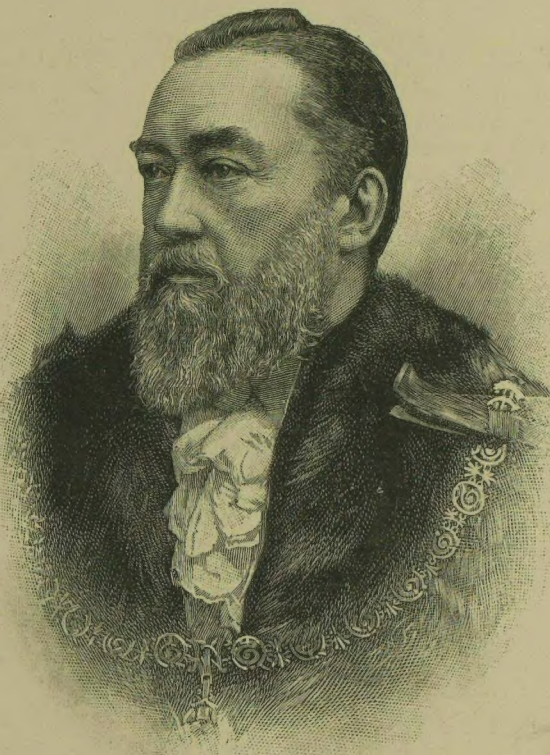


Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

ALDERMAN G. R. TYLER, THE NEW LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

Mr. Alderman Venables, in 1826. Mr. Tyler was elected a Common Councilman in 1877, and was afterwards deputy of his ward. He succeeded as Alderman of Queenhithe Ward Mr. Herbert J. Waterlow, who retired in 1887, and he served the office of Sheriff in 1891-92, in the Mayoralty of Sir David Evans. He is Master of the Stationers' Company.

The Sheriffs for the ensuing year are Mr. John Vöce Moore, merchant, of 35, King William Street, who has been Alderman of Candlewick Ward since 1889; and



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Cheapside.

ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF DIMSDALE.

Mr. Joseph Cockfield Dimsdale, banker, of the firm of Prescott, Dimsdale, and Co. (Limited), who was elected Alderman of Cornhill Ward in 1891. Both gentlemen are useful members of the City Corporation.

COUNTY COUNCIL LICENSING.

An interesting department of the multifarious business of the London County Council is that of controlling the issue of licenses to some fifty theatres and four hundred music-halls and public dancing-rooms, more or less, upon the reports of a special committee, which holds its sessions in different localities, often at Newington or at Clerkenwell, for the Middlesex districts, and in other parts of the metropolis, receiving applications for licenses, and hearing objections to their being granted or renewed. The number of such applications in the present year is about two

hundred and thirty-five, many of which have been opposed, wholly or partially, as the question of allowing stage-plays to be performed, or indiscriminate dancing assemblies, in houses where intoxicating drinks are sold, is deemed one that should depend very much on the social morality of the people dwelling in the neighbourhood, and very much on the personal character of the managers and the style in which they conduct those entertainments, as well as the habitual behaviour of the audiences of spectators. It is needful, in some cases, to be more strict with regard to dancing than to music licenses, though attention must also be given to any impropriety or indecency in the songs. We have no comment to offer here upon the exercise of this delicate and difficult jurisdiction by the County Council. It has been suggested that the magistrates could deal with it in a more consistently judicial spirit than any elective representative body, some members of which are perhaps liable to be influenced by sectarian opinions. The licensing committee itself, in its report presented on Oct. 27, expressed a hope that the whole subject, which has twice been examined by Select Committees of the House of Commons, will soon be settled by Parliamentary legislation.

ROTHLEY TEMPLE, LEICESTERSHIRE.

About six miles north of the town of Leicester, half-way to Loughborough, and in the Quorndon neighbourhood, is the village of Rothley, with the old manor-house called Rothley Temple, from the remains of a chapel, with a crypt, built in the thirteenth century by the Knights Templars, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, who established a preceptory there. At the beginning of this nineteenth century, the owner of the estate was Mr. Thomas Babington, the descendant of an old family of English country gentry noted in the history of Queen Elizabeth's reign for their attachment to the Catholic Church, and for an unfortunate share in the plots to assist the partisans of Mary Stuart. The name of Babington, we believe, is now extinct, but the lineage is represented, through descent on the maternal side, by the heirs of Vice-Chancellor Sir James Parker.

The Rothley Temple mansion, with its pleasure-grounds and park, extending over three hundred acres, was sold a few days ago, being offered by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, auctioneers, in public sale at Leicester, and purchased afterwards by private contract. It is a house which, besides the charms of an agreeable rural residence and the flavour of romantic antiquity, has interesting associations with modern literary biography; for here, on St. Crispin's day, Oct. 25, 1800, the anniversary of the battle of Agincourt, Thomas Babington Macaulay, one of the best of English historians, scholars, and prose writers, one of the truest of Liberal politicians, one of the most estimable men of the generation now passing away, happened to be born, "in a room," as Sir George Trevelyan says, "panelled from ceiling to floor, like every corner of the ancient mansion, with oak almost black from age, and looking eastward across the park, and southward through an ivy-shaded window into a little garden."

The child's mother, who had been Selina Mills, daughter of a highly respected Quaker bookseller at Bristol, and a pupil of the girls' school there established by Miss Hannah More, was married to Zachary Macaulay, Secretary to the Sierra Leone Company of London, who then dwelt in a small house at Lambeth. His sister, Jean Macaulay, had become Mrs. Thomas Babington, of Rothley Temple, and invited Mrs. Zachary Macaulay to sojourn at that place during her expected child-birth; and so it came to pass. The future great author and honoured peer of the realm, Lord Macaulay, was baptised in the private chapel of the mansion, by his uncle, the Rev. Aulay Macaulay, and received the names, "Thomas Babington" from his sponsors.

It does not appear that the boy passed much of his infancy here; his parents were soon obliged to live at the offices of the Sierra Leone Company in Birchin Lane,

Photo by Fradelle and Young, Regent Street.

ALDERMAN AND SHERIFF MOORE.

and Drapers' Gardens, at the back of Throgmorton Street, was the earliest play-ground of his childhood. When his father removed to Clapham, it must have been a pleasant and healthy change of abode; since Clapham Common is, to this day, tolerably good for the purpose of open-air recreation; and there he attended the school kept by Mr. Greaves till he was sent to the Misses More at Barley Wood, subsequently to the Rev. Mr. Preston's private school near Cambridge, and in 1818 to Trinity College. But Macaulay learnt more from mixed reading, at his own free choice, than any public school or University could teach him, or he could never have written such books as he did. He often visited Rothley Temple in his early manhood, before he went to India; and there are some pleasant passages, in Sir George Trevelyan's delightful work of biography, describing Macaulay's occasional sojourn at this notable old English country house, and his characteristic interest in its antiquarian and historical associations.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

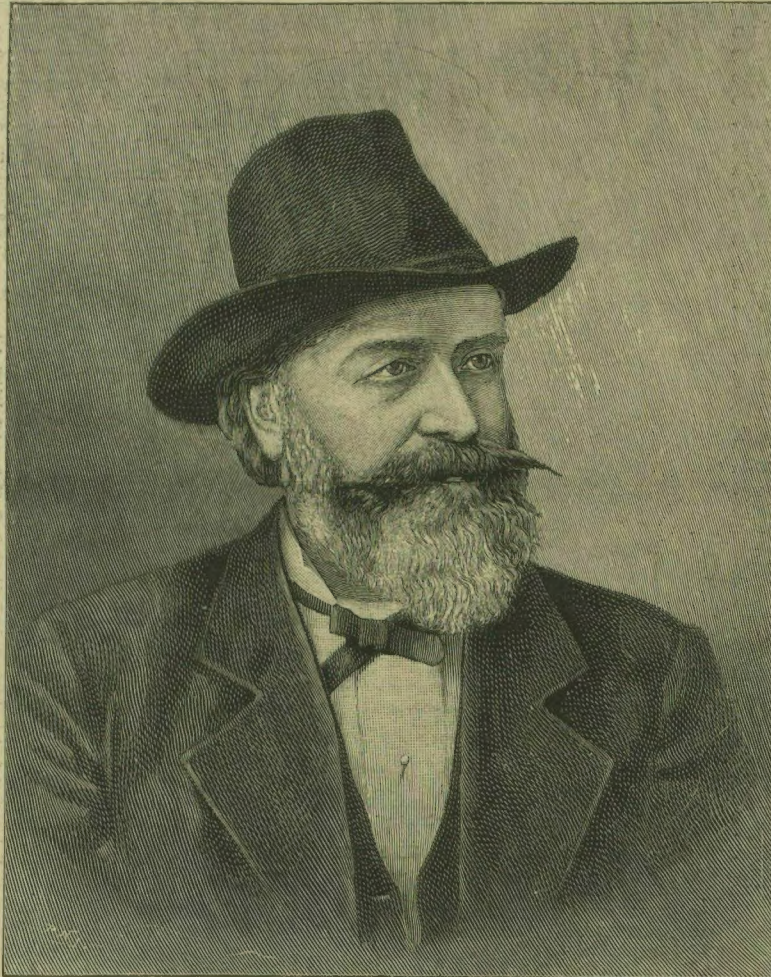
BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

If for nothing else, the Independent Theatre Society deserves a strong vote of thanks from the artistic world on its discovery—or recovery—to the stage of Mrs. Theodore Wright. Her recent performance in "A Question of Memory," by Michael Field, will live in our recollection as one of the most beautiful pictures of maternal love that the stage has seen for many a long day. It was the situation of a noble mother who had to give her best beloved son up to death rather than see him the toy of dishonour. Mrs. Wright has given us good things before. She has softened the crooked passages of Ibsen; she has toned down by her art the horror of "Ghosts"; but this self-sacrificing mother is the best of all the mothers she has shown us. Remember, it is not a success of gesture or elocution. Beautiful as her voice is, and excellent as is her method, as anyone can see who watches the play of her hands and the grace of her movements, Mrs. Wright's success is, after all, one of brain power and intellect. She thinks on the stage. She is always thinking. Another actress, when she had spoken her lines, would drop out of the part, as it were. Mrs. Wright never does this. She is always inside the picture, for ever thinking. And what a picture it is as she sits under the tree in the harvest field, with that expressive, far-away look charged with indescribable memories! I see that Mrs. Wright, as matters stand, is a member of Mr. Tree's company. Now, here is a suggestion. As the play for which Mrs. Theodore Wright may be wanted is not for the moment forthcoming, why not put up for a few matinées "The Crisis" ("Les Fourchambault"), in which there is the exact part that this actress requires? As the mother in "The Crisis," she would draw all London that loves such acting as is very seldom seen. Indeed, the astonishing thing to me is that her acting has been dismissed with such scant praise by the professed admirers of the Independent Society and the young radicals who will have nothing to do with old methods. There was another excellent bit of acting in the same play, and it came from Miss Hall Caine, the talented sister of the celebrated novelist. She is young, and gives promise of doing great things some day. She could not have a better model than Mrs. Wright. To play by her side is in itself an education. It was a most difficult scene for a young actress to attack, that scene of the despairing girl wrenched from the arms of her lover and hurried away to death.

The pleasant interchange of compliments between the theatre and the music-hall continues. Why should it not be so? The difference, indeed, between the smoking variety theatres and the non-smoking theatres is, after all, only one of degree. Why should we not have light amusements as well as heavy ones? People want to laugh at the theatre as well as to cry. They must have frivolity as well as fearsomeness. And the better the burlesque artist the better in the end will be the burlesque. Now, Miss Millie Hylton is a light actress of considerable talent. She is fair to look upon and goodly to greet. Her style is refined, she has the gift of expression, and practice will soon wear off that "blur of the music-hall" that is as catching as an American accent. Mr. Arthur Roberts and Miss Hylton, being both artists, ought to be able to work well together in any burlesque. For the best artist wants support. People are fond of abusing the music-halls, but have they ever yet given the stage such a delightful example of innocence and artlessness as Miss Cissie Loftus? The clever stage child is generally a mass of self-consciousness. Her art is to be knowing. Her desire is to be old before she is young. Not so Miss Cissie Loftus. The convent air of innocence has not worn off from this clever child. May it never do so! I have seldom seen on the stage a scene so pathetic as when the girl artist, astonished by the fury of applause over her imitations, looked vacantly about the stage for someone to guide her in her dilemma. Was she to stop or was she to go on? Her pleading look was innocence and modesty itself. And this wild flower was raised in the atmosphere of the music-hall. Will not the Rev. Canon Fleming and his associates who inveigh against the lighter stage believe that these artistic folk bring up their children as modestly and as honourably as others do whose children are not face to face with temptation? "A simple maiden in her flower is worth a hundred coats of arms." This line must have occurred to many when they saw an innocent girl overwhelmed with applause—the outcome of her cleverness—and shaking it off like a young colt glad of life and scampering about the flower-laden meadows. The so-called "rowdy-dowdy" audience of the Gaiety Theatre was infinitely touched by this novel charm of youth, this freshness of demeanour. I believe if there had been that night a suspicion of rowdy-dowdism that would have disconcerted the child there would have been

"wigs on the green." The history of "Don Juan," believe me, will be the history of countless other burlesques. It will be worked up. That is to say, the artists engaged will fall back on the store-house of their memories, and the rehearsals given in public will result in a very creditable and enjoyable entertainment.

I very much fear that poor "Frog" is not destined to have a very long career at the Royalty unless he is



THE LATE MR. CARTER HARRISON, MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

ASSASSINATED OCT. 28, 1893.

supported by better and more sustaining fare. They say Frog is very good to eat; I never fancied Frog myself, but even a *pâté* of Frog would require something solid after it. I should call "Frog" a charade rather than a play. It is a succession of episodes that gives the artists engaged very little chance of distinguishing themselves. I have already spoken of Mrs. Theodore Wright. She could make any play if she only had the material. But here she is simply a pretty figure in an unfinished sketch. Miss Annie Rose has ever had a burning ambition to distinguish herself on the serious stage. She is pretty, she is clever, she is very much in earnest, but her chances of thrilling London in "Frog" are not the strongest. I never believe in the theory that the location of a theatre

THE CHICAGO TRAGEDY.

The end of the great Exhibition at Chicago has been saddened by the tragic death of Mr. Carter Harrison, the Mayor of the city. This lamentable event deprived the formal closing of the Exhibition of any ceremonial rejoicing. For the citizens of Chicago would, in happier circumstances, undoubtedly have rejoiced over the success of the most remarkable display of industrial genius and organising skill in the annals of international exhibitions. Moreover, there was an artistic element in the "World's Fair" which made the buildings a fabric of illusion, of which English visitors still speak with enthusiasm. It is calculated that upwards of twenty millions of people visited the Fair. This concentration of world-wide interest has not made the Exhibition a financial success, but the most sanguine American investor can scarcely have expected a handsome return for his money. The aim was not profit in dollars; it was the satisfaction of a patriotic sentiment by an achievement which distances all competitors. After the "World's Fair" there is nothing more for exhibitions to accomplish. Any organising Alexander whose ambition has this bent may well weep at the thought that Chicago has exhausted the possibilities. Her citizens have cheerfully expended many millions of dollars without any compensation, save the reflection that the rest of the universe is struck all of a heap.

The tragedy of Chicago is the assassination of Mr. Carter Harrison by a disappointed office-seeker named Prendergast. This incident recalls the shooting of President Garfield by Guiteau, who was also an office-seeker. It is said that Prendergast intended to kill the Governor of Illinois as well as the Mayor of Chicago, so there are evidently no limits to the risks of American politicians who control the public patronage.

In America, so big that it takes long for a man to get known, not many names were more familiar than that of Mr. Carter H. Harrison. In Chicago he was "Carter," or "Our Carter," a personality literally making an integral part of the great western metropolis. His tall, well held-up, somewhat burly figure, topped by a broad-brimmed slouch hat, was as recognisable to the average Chicagoan as State Street itself. As a stump speaker, pungent, vigorous, with a positive genius for suiting what he had to say to his audience, Mr. Harrison had few equals even in the "wild and woolly west," where stump oratory is a fine art. If his audience happened to be Irish, for example, he would prove, with the merriest battery of blarney, that somewhere away back there had been Irish blood in his ancestors.

As a matter of fact, the murdered Mayor, though accepted America over as altogether representative of Chicago, was by birth a Kentuckian. Perhaps he got his airs of urbanity, his almost courtliness of bearing, from his connection with the State of fair women, fine horses, and Bourbon whisky. When he settled in Chicago, fully forty years ago, the town was a bagatelle, and he grew with it. By profession a lawyer, he really made his large fortune in real estate investment. Politics—and American politics mean the whole gamut of public life—were to him as the breath of existence. His methods were not, perhaps, our methods in England, his standards not the standards which fortunately are getting somewhat more to characterise the best side of American politics. When he ran for his last term as Mayor of Chicago every paper in the city, apart from one he owned himself, opposed him—nay, denounced him bitterly. Yet he bounced in by a large majority, and, indeed, whatever the attack on his marshalling of the political forces and plan of campaign and administration generally, his personal popularity was always unbounced.

This popularity was due in no small measure to his freedom of manner, as, say, his rule that whether in his office at the City Hall or in his own house at Ashland Boulevard, he should always be visible to callers. It was a sight to see him in the City Hall—where he lived many hours every day—surrounded by an importunate crowd of office-seekers. If he could not give a man a post, he could mitigate the refusal by cracking a joke between two whiffs of a cigar and the reading of another letter in the enormous mayoral correspondence. As "World's Fair Mayor" Mr. Harrison entertained the Infanta Eulalia of Spain, the Duke of Veragua, and the other celebrities who have visited Chicago in the course of the summer. Something of a traveller, although his critics described his French as "Detroit French," he is generally admitted to have filled the part of municipal host uncommonly well. A widower and the father of a grown family, he was to have been married again this month to a wealthy and philanthropic lady belonging to New Orleans. With Carter H. Harrison a remarkable individuality—viewed either from the friendly or the critical side—has gone out of American public life.



THE CITY HALL, CHICAGO.

Photo by Reynolds Photo Co., Chicago.

has anything to do with the ill-success of a play. The news of anything good spreads like wildfire in theatrical London. Only the other day the news went round that there were some wonderfully artistic *tableaux* to be seen at the Palace Theatre of Varieties. The Press did not give them any very marked attention; but in less than twenty-four hours "all London" was booking seats for the *Palace tableaux*. But "Frog," and nothing but "Frog," is an impossibility.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE: OPENING OF THE SCIENCE BUILDINGS.

An important addition has been made to this flourishing public school, which was established in the town of Cambridge eighteen years ago, enjoying peculiar advantages from the goodwill bestowed upon it by the authorities of the University, heads of Colleges, and professors in that illustrious seat of learning.

On Saturday, Oct. 28, Lord Kelvin, the eminent Professor Sir William Thomson, of the University of Glasgow—noted for his researches in electricity and physics, and now President of the Royal Society—opened a new building for scientific instruction in connection with the Leys School. The new structure has been built from the designs of Mr. R. Curwen, of London, by Mr. Saint, of Cambridge, at a cost, with fittings, of nearly £4000. It coincides with the permanent plan of the north block of the school buildings, and is very well arranged. The accommodation provided includes elementary and advanced chemical, biological, and physical laboratories, a natural history museum, lecture-rooms, library, a dark room for photographic work, and (in the basement) departments for electrical instruction and other experiments. The need for the erection of new and suitable laboratories had been proved by the considerable difficulties hitherto experienced in the school, with its inadequate provision, to give the necessary instruction in modern subjects, so as to meet the alterations in the regulations for the science examinations in London and other Universities.

At the luncheon, which was held in the school hall, and over which Dr. Moulton, the Head Master, presided, there was a large number of heads of Colleges, scientific men, and other guests. Among these were Lord Kelvin, the Master of Trinity, Professor Jebb, M.P., the Master of Peterhouse, the Master of St. John's, the Public Orator (Dr. Sandys), the Master of Jesus, the Master of St. Catherine's, the Master of Sidney, the Master of Emmanuel, the Master of Downing, the President of Queens', Rev. Professor Swete, Rev. Professor Lumby,



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

LORD KELVIN AND DR. MOULTON, THE HEAD MASTER.

Professor Armstrong, Professor Allbutt, Professor M. Foster, Sir G. M. Humphry, Dr. E. C. Clark, Canon Stanton, Professor A. Macalister, Sir R. Ball, Sir G. Chubb, treasurer of the school, Dr. Routh, Mr. F. Moulton, Q.C., Professor Dewar, Professor W. J. Lewis, Professor J. J. Thompson, Dr. Jackson, Dr. Forsyth, Professor Roy, Principal Ridley, Mr. Oscar Browning, Dr. Kenny, Mr. Pattison Muir, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Mr. Percy Bunting, the honorary secretary, Mr. Curwen, the architect, and Mr. Saint, the builder.

Lord Kelvin, in a speech when his own health was drunk, bore testimony to the advance made in science teaching since he joined the University in 1841 as a member of Peterhouse. The fondest anticipations at that time never came up to that which had been realised. In those days he had nothing but mathematics and classics at Cambridge: the undergraduates who took advantage of the teaching of great men in any other branches of instruction were exceedingly rare. Progress, however, had been made since then, in the teaching of science in the ancient public schools. He hoped that all the glories of the old public schools would not in any way be diminished, and that the splendid results attained in classics would not be made less, but rather enhanced, by the introduction of other branches of instruction. He begged, however, that classics should not be allowed to take up the whole of the time at school, as they had in the past. The public schools were showing strong and praiseworthy determination to meet matters in this respect. Many of them now had physical and chemical laboratories; but he doubted whether any had better arrangements than those which had been established at the Leys School.

The company then adjourned to the new building, where Dr. Moulton presided. Here Lord Kelvin declared the building open, and consented to permit the largest lecture-room (in which the visitors and past and present boys of the school had then assembled) to be called after his name.



Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.

THE LEYS SCHOOL, WITH NEW SCIENCE BUILDINGS.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen remains at Balmoral Castle.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Victoria and Maud, have gone to Sandringham, where they will be joined by the Duke and Duchess of York and the Duke and Duchess of Fife.

The Duke of Coburg (Duke of Edinburgh), after visiting the German Emperor at Berlin, has arrived in England, and is about to visit the Queen at Balmoral.

Her Majesty and the royal family at Balmoral, on Oct. 26, with a company of invited guests, were entertained with a private performance, by Mr. John Hare's company, of the play of "Diplomacy." Mr. and Mrs. John Hare and Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft were presented to the Queen.

Mr. Gladstone has convened a Cabinet Council for Friday, Nov. 3.

The meeting of Parliament, on Thursday, Nov. 2, supersedes in political interest the speeches delivered by members to their constituents and to audiences in provincial towns even by some of the Ministers, among whom, during the last week, have been the Home Secretary, Mr. Asquith, at Leeds, and Sir George Trevelyan, at Glasgow, on Monday, Oct. 30; Mr. H. H. Fowler, at Wolverhampton, on Oct. 28, and Sir U. K. Shuttleworth at Burnley. With regard to the colliery strikes, a more urgent matter just now than any political controversy, a deputation at Wolverhampton called on Mr. H. H. Fowler, President of the Local Government Board, to urge the desirability of facilitating the appointment of an independent court of arbitration to deal with such disputes as that now proceeding. Mr. Fowler promised to lay the views of the deputation before his colleagues in the Cabinet, and referred to it in his speech, observing that the quarrel between the coal-owners and the miners, as it now stood, seemed to him to be a national disgrace. Such disputes could only be effectively dealt with by a competent and impartial tribunal.

The Executive Council of the Miners' Federation, at a meeting held on Monday, Oct. 30, at Derby, adopted a resolution agreeing to meet the coal-owners' representatives in a conference to settle the wages dispute. This conference was to be held on Friday, Nov. 3, at the Westminster Palace Hotel; the result is yet doubtful. The strike in the Midland counties has now been going on thirteen weeks. On the London Coal Exchange, on Friday, Oct. 27, the price of best house coal was again raised four shillings a ton. In Lancashire, forty thousand colliers are still idle, and the chemical and copper works at Widnes are stopped by want of fuel.

At a meeting of agriculturists held at Peterborough to consider the existing depression, the Earl of Winchelsea urged the necessity of combination among all interested in the soil. One remedy would be the readjustment of the incidence of taxation. Home industries might also be encouraged by taking the duties off tea and tobacco and putting them on foreign fruits, flowers, and vegetables. A resolution pledging support to the National Agricultural Union was carried.

The Lord Chancellor visited Hull on Monday, Oct. 30, to open the new Hymers' College, erected and endowed by Mr. Robert Hymers, and was presented with the freedom of the borough.

Princess Christian, on Oct. 30, visited the Imperial Institute, and opened the fifth annual exhibition of the Artists' Guild.

The Lady Mayoress, accompanied by the Lord Mayor, on Oct. 28 distributed, at the Guildhall, the prizes and certificates gained during the past year by the pupils of the Guildhall School of Music.

On Oct. 28 a meeting of Lancashire landed proprietors and agricultural tenants was held at Preston with the view of reorganising the Royal Manchester, Liverpool, and North Lancashire Agricultural Society. Lord Derby, who presided, spoke of the benefits in Canada from carrying on agricultural experiments and scientific observations, which were only practicable through some organised society. They wanted such a society in Lancashire, able to co-operate with the County Council.

The Earl of Derby has opened the new free library and museum at Preston, erected at a cost of £79,000, from the benefaction of the late Mr. E. R. Harris, of Preston, on a site given by the corporation and valued at £30,000.

The Russian naval squadron has left Toulon; Admiral Avellan and the other Russian officers, returning from their visit to Paris, stopped at Lyons, to receive great honours from the municipality and townspeople. President Carnot followed them to Toulon two days later, exchanged fresh courtesies with Admiral Avellan and the captains of the Russian war-vessels, and then, going on board his State barge, reviewed the Russian squadron amid the cheering of the sailors. The President boarded the Russian flag-ship and returned Admiral Avellan's visit. In the afternoon he witnessed the launch of the French ironclad Jauréguiberry. In the evening the President gave a dinner at the Maritime Prefecture to Admiral Avellan and his officers. All the diplomatic and consular authorities, the Ministers, military, naval, and civil dignitaries were also present. The public funeral of M. Gounod was celebrated at the Madeleine on Oct. 27. M. Poincaré, Minister of Public Instruction, was present as representative of the Government, and military honours were rendered by detachments of troops.

The funeral of Lord Vivian, British Ambassador in

Italy, was performed at Rome, on Oct. 25, with special demonstrations of national regard. It was attended by the Prince of Naples, representing the King of Italy, and by the ambassadors of Germany, Russia, France, Spain, and Turkey, Signori Canizzaro and Baccelli, representing the Senate and Chamber, and Signor Brin, Minister for Foreign Affairs.

The officers of the British squadron at Spezia were entertained by the municipality. The Duke of Genoa was present, and speeches expressive of mutual cordiality and goodwill were delivered by the Mayor and Admiral Culme-Seymour. In the evening the Duke of Genoa gave a dinner to the visitors on board his flag-ship, the Lepanto, and there was a reception at the residence of Admiral Labrano; the town was illuminated. The British squadron has left Spezia for Gibraltar.

In Germany the election of the direct electors for the Prussian Diet passed over very quietly in Berlin. The number of voters was even smaller than usual, and the Radicals, or Democrats who follow Herr Richter, obtained a majority in all the four constituencies into which Berlin is divided. The two Liberal parties which voted together were signally victorious. Outside Berlin were noticed the defeat of the Poles in the city of Posen, the defeat of the Ultramontanes in Crefeld and Cologne; of the National Liberals in Eberfeld, and of the Radicals at Wiesbaden. In obedience to orders from their leaders the Social Democrats everywhere abstained from voting.

In Austria, Count Taaffe's Ministry has been obliged to resign office. Its bold project of Electoral Reform has had far greater influence on the issue of the crisis than the

millions of words. "Speech is silver, silence is golden," says the old proverb.

The Great American International Exhibition at Chicago is closed. The total number of visitors who have paid for admission to the "World's Fair" since the opening is 21,458,910. Some gloom was cast over the closing ceremonial by the shocking assassination of the Mayor of Chicago, Mr. Carter Harrison, whose body lay in state at the City Hall on Oct. 31.

The removal of Admiral Stanton from the command of the United States squadron in Brazilian waters for saluting Admiral de Mello is exciting considerable attention. It appears that the Admiral believed that by saluting both the insurgent leader and the Brazilian Government he was obeying his orders to maintain a strict neutrality. The conflict at Rio de Janeiro is languishing, and President Peixoto's prospects seem to be improving.

The Matabele war in South Africa is actively pushed forward by the forces already in the field. The British South Africa Company's column, which left Fort Victoria on Oct. 6, arrived at Indaima's mountain on Oct. 16. The distance between these places is sixty miles, and the march occupied nine days. Umbanji, on the head-waters of the Changani River, is sixty miles from Indaima's mountain, and the column should, travelling at the same rate, have reached that place on Oct. 25. Buluwayo is seventy miles from the Changani River, and should therefore be reached about Nov. 4. Major Gould-Adams's column arrived at Tati on Oct. 14, and was at a point north of the Mangwee River, eighty miles from Buluwayo, on Oct. 24. Travelling ten miles a day it would reach Buluwayo the same time as the column from Fort Victoria.

COLONEL SIR FREDERICK CARRINGTON.

Colonel Sir Frederick Carrington, K.C.M.G., who sailed for South Africa on Oct. 28 in order to take over the command of the Bechuanaland imperial forces, is the son of Mr. Edmund Carrington, J.P. for Gloucestershire. This distinguished officer entered the 24th Foot when he was twenty years of age, and has had twenty-nine years' army service. He has taken a prominent part in most of the recent wars in South Africa. Sir Frederick organised and commanded the Mounted Infantry in the expedition to Griqualand West in 1875, and raised and commanded the Frontier Light Horse in the Kaffir War (1877), being present at the battle of Quintana and the subsequent operations in the Transkei and Peri Bush. He commanded also the advance guard and the left attack at the storming and taking of Sekukuni's stronghold in 1879, as well as the colonial forces during the Basuto campaign of 1880-81. In the last-mentioned war Colonel Carrington was wounded very severely. In the Bechuanaland expedition of 1884-85 he commanded the 2nd Mounted Rifles, and, prior to Sir Charles Warren's departure from South Africa, enrolled and organised the Bechuanaland Border Police for the protection of the then new Crown Colony and Protectorate of Bechuanaland. He only retired from the command of the latter force a few months ago. Colonel Carrington commanded the native levies in Zululand in 1888. He was created a C.M.G. in 1880 and a K.C.M.G. in 1887.

In view of the annual increase of English visitors to Egypt, and of the strong assurance that the British occupation will continue, an enterprising addition has been made this season to the first-class hotels at Cairo. The Gesireh Palace Hotel is intended to surpass in magnitude and splendour those already well known in that city. It will be remembered that the Gesireh Palace was the last surrender on the part of the Khedive Ismail to his creditors. It was then mortgaged for the comparatively small sum of £60,000. A syndicate has purchased the building and extensive grounds, and has restored and largely added to the palace. It now forms a magnificent hotel, just opened to visitors. Standing close to the Nile, it is the only large edifice on the island of Gesireh. It is approached through the lordly avenues planted by the ex-Khedive, and overlooks the racecourse and the golf-links and tennis-courts of the Cairo Turf Club.

We observe that the manufacturers of Sunlight Soap have received the diploma of honour, the highest award at the Chicago Exhibition, also the gold medal at the Central Canada Exhibition, Ottawa, and the gold medal of the London Exhibition at Ontario, Canada. Mellin's Food has likewise obtained at Chicago the highest award, the gold medal and diploma. Among the British manufacturers who have won honours at this Exhibition, the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, London, obtain fifteen medals, including first-class awards for sterling silver, for diamond ornaments, and for watches and ships' chronometers, and special awards for their large exhibition clock, and for gold caskets. Messrs. Mappin Brothers, of Regent Street and Cheapside, and Sheffield, who have gained the highest awards for their Queen's plate and cutlery and for presentation plate and gold caskets, will exhibit a replica of these articles and others at their London establishments.

From England to India in thirteen days is not bad for modern travelling speed. Two hours after midnight in the morning of Oct. 27 the P. and O. ship Himalaya arrived at Bombay, with mails that left London exactly thirteen days and one hour before, and left Brindisi nearly eleven days before to make the voyage through the Suez Canal. This reckoning allows for the difference of longitude and meridian time. The voyage beats all preceding record by nearly twenty-one hours.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL SIR FREDERICK CARRINGTON, K.C.M.G.

A sketch from life by Julius M. Pries.

threatened Parliamentary strike of the three principal parties in the Reichsrath. The Foreign Minister, Count Kalnoky, was inclined to think that the House elected on the principle of Count Taaffe's Bill, if it ever became law, would present a majority hostile to the policy of the Triple Alliance. Similar apprehensions had also been expressed in Hungary in reference to the existing dual system, so the Emperor was convinced that the Reform Bill, in the shape given to it by Count Taaffe, was a mistake.

The conflicts between the Spanish garrison at Melilla, on the coast of North Africa, and the Moors or the Riff tribes under the dominion of the Sultan of Morocco, seem likely to develop into a considerable war. At the conclusion of a successful skirmish round the fort, General Margallo, the chief in command, was hit by a shot and killed. We have later reports of the state of affairs at Melilla. General Macias holds the town with seven thousand men, and has provided five forts outside with water, provisions, and ammunition for some days. The forts and three Spanish war-vessels every day shell the Arab trenches, villages, farms, and every group of tribesmen within range of the guns. The new commander says that at least eight thousand more men, with artillery and cavalry, are necessary before the Spaniards can take the offensive against twenty thousand Arabs collected on the border. These are still so determined that they steal down and fire shots at the forts and at the transports while they are landing reinforcements.

Ecclesiastics of the rival Greek and Roman Catholic Churches in the Holy Places of Palestine do not always behave according to the ancient prayer for the peace of Jerusalem. During a religious celebration in the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem, on Friday, Oct. 27, a quarrel took place among the monks, with the result that one was killed and two were wounded by shots from a revolver.

In the United States of America, in the Congress at Washington, the Bill for the repeal of Sherman's Act of 1890, obliging the Treasury to coin monthly a large quantity of silver, has at length passed the Senate, by a majority of 43 against 32, having passed the House of Representatives on Aug. 28. It has been a fierce struggle between hostile currency parties and those of the silver interest. The end was reached after a continuous Session of fourteen days, and after sixty-one days of debate, during which five volumes of the Congressional Record had been filled with speeches, amounting in the aggregate to about twenty

PERSONAL.

Most friends of Australian unity and progress will hope that the retirement of Sir Thomas McLlwraith from the



SIR THOMAS MCLLWRAITH, K.C.M.G.

Premiership of Queensland does not mark the close of his public career at the Antipodes, and the fact that he is retaining a more or less nominal place in the reconstructed Ministry encourages this hope. It is true that the policy of the retired Premier has not always commended itself to British onlookers. His defiance of the uncontrolled Imperial nomination of Colonial Governors and his annexation of New Guinea made him for the time somewhat of a thorn in the side of the Colonial Office, and among many colonists the wisdom of the course he then pursued is doubted. But beyond this Sir Thomas has done well for Queensland since he first went to the colony as a squatter from his Ayr home and from Glasgow University. Thrice he has been Premier, and to his initiation much of Queensland's progress is due, while he has shown a statesmanlike grasp of the federation problem, and that alone should cover a multitude of political sins in these days of Australian crises. He now goes to China and Japan as he has gone before when borne down by the strain of party conflicts, and it is a happy circumstance that he also intends to visit Canada, and, it may be hoped, quicken interest in the new Canadian-Australasian movement. Sir Thomas is but fifty-eight years of age, and should have many years of usefulness before him.

Monsieur Ben Tayoux is a composer at present hardly known in England, but popular in France, or, rather, in Paris, where many of his songs have "caught on," and been for a while the joy of the boulevards. However, like most musicians, he has done his lighter work "without prejudice" to his claim to attention for more ambitious matter. On Monday a comic opera of his was performed before a select audience in the house of one of our most popular literary women. The subject chosen for the libretto is Shakspeare's "brutal farce," "The Taming of the Shrew," in the choice of which a scarcely discreet challenge is given to the delightful opera of Hermann Goetz, in which Madame Minnie Hauk once charmed London with a performance in its way almost as brilliant as Miss Ada Rehan's. However, M. Ben Tayoux explained in French, with a quaint accent *du Midi*, that his work is only *opéra bouffe*, not *opéra comique*. In this he deceived himself, for in the main his music is as pretentious as that, say, of "Stradella"; though here and there are introduced melodies that have even a flavour of the *café concert*.

Though the work has been completely scored and the book and lyrics have been done into English, it was given with only the aid of a piano, and most of the numbers were sung by M. Tayoux, who possesses what one may call a composer's voice—an instrument with which any song can be sketched. Miss Cassano—a young lady who has appeared already with success in London—took the soprano music, which she had studied at short notice, and sang it charmingly. It is said that she proposes to go on the stage, and, assuming that she has some instinct for acting, the manager who secures her for light opera will be a lucky man. The opera, as a whole, is of the school to which there are signs that we are returning, and it has so much that is really dramatic and so many pleasing melodies that, if justice has been done in the orchestration, it may be worth the while of a manager to consider seriously its production, subject, perhaps, to the excision of some rather heavy pretentious numbers and one or two that seem old friends. To produce it without making use of the strong, flexible soprano voice of Miss Cassano would be a pity.

Everyone who knew Sir John Abbott will join in the regrets so general in Canada at his death at Montreal on the evening of Oct. 30.

Sir John Abbott did not possess the personal magnetism of his predecessor in the Canadian premiership, nor had he Sir John Macdonald's long experience and grasp of public affairs. But he filled a most useful rôle in Canadian public life. Naturally averse to the rough and tumble



Photo by Notman and Sons.

THE LATE SIR JOHN ABBOTT.

methods of Colonial politics, and more suited by temperament to his law office and his farm than to the public

platform, he found opportunities to render much quiet service to Canada in the Canadian Assembly before Confederation, and subsequently in the Dominion Senate, of which sedate body he was for several years leader. It was not, however, until the death of Sir John Macdonald, in June 1891, threatened to expose Canada to serious political difficulties that he took a leading place among Canadian statesmen. Sir John Thompson, the present Premier, was led by the religious questions then agitating the public mind to decline the invitation of the Governor-General to form a Ministry, and then it was that Sir John Abbott stepped into the breach, and by his quiet persistence along the lines laid down by the founder of Confederation, was able to guide Canada through an awkward interregnum. His faithful performance of the arduous duties of the Premiership must, it is feared, have undermined his strength. Upon his retirement, in November last, he sought renewed health in Southern climes; but it has been only too evident for some months past that his long public career, begun forty-six years ago, was fast drawing to a close. He was seventy-two years of age.

A great international contest has been proceeding for many days past at the St. Petersburg Chess Club, in which



M. TSCHIGORIN, THE RUSSIAN CHESS CHAMPION.

Dr. Tarrasch, the German champion, has played a succession of games against M. Tschigorin, the most renowned of Russian players. The latter, who is forty-three years of age, and was educated at the Nicholas College, at Gatchina, was for some time employed in the Russian civil service at St. Petersburg, but resigned his official post in order to devote all his mental energies to chess, which he has studied and practised unremittingly for twenty years past. Tschigorin came out fourth in merit of all the numerous competitors at the International Chess Tournament of 1883, when only Zukertort, Steinitz, and Blackburne took prizes above him. He is editor of the *Schachmatny Wjestnik*, and founder of the St. Petersburg Club.

The German medical gentleman, Dr. Siegbert Tarrasch, practising in his profession at Nuremberg, who has



DR. TARRASCH, THE GERMAN CHESS CHAMPION.

engaged in a contest with the most eminent chess-player of the Russian capital, noticed in the preceding paragraph, was born in March 1862, at Breslau, which has long been a famous place for training masters of the game, and where Zukertort himself was once a student. He continued his general and scientific education at the University of Berlin, and subsequently at that of Halle, and took his degree of M.D. with more than usual credit. In the biennial Chess Congresses of Germany, at Nuremberg, at Hamburg, at Frankfurt, and at Breslau, his native city, Dr. Tarrasch has won many honours, and he is a most competent representative of his nation.

Signor Mascagni is apparently not content with writing operas. He has finished a new work, said to be "Roma," the opera he was commissioned to write by Sir Augustus Harris; but he is also engaged on a "prose drama" for a popular Italian actor. This outbreak of energy in a new sphere may excite some alarm among the composer's friends, who had misgivings already about his feverish activity. To make a European reputation as a playwright is a not unnatural ambition for a musician whose work is strongly dramatic, but it might be well to assure one position in art before making strenuous efforts to achieve another.

Some feminine humourist has taken degenerate man to task for his fondness of tea. This is treated as if it were a new social phenomenon, and we are reminded of the times when men were men, and disdained the fluids and confections dear to woman. The reminiscences might go a little further back, to the days when man who was really man drank beer for breakfast, and regarded coffee as a degrading beverage. It seems that the habit of tea-drinking has made the modern man an inveterate gossip, and woman is now completely silenced at the tea-table by the superior volubility of the other sex. The feminine humourist remembers that she once heard a number of young men discussing the dress-coat as the garb for the theatre. To this triumphant demonstration of the triviality of masculine conversation there is no reply,

except that it is somehow a compliment to man to discover that he sometimes unbends his mind to the sphere of his tailor.

The new Queensland Premier, the Hon. Hugh Muir Nelson, is a Kilmarnock boy—how much Australia owes



THE HON. HUGH MUIR NELSON.

to these Scottish lads of the thirties!—a son of the Rev. Dr. Nelson, and he took high honours at Edinburgh University before he sought fortune on the Queensland pastures. Years of commercial activity and of municipal labours fitted him for the Parliamentary life he began just ten years ago, and there are few men whose opinions on financial and trade questions command more attention. It is peculiarly fitting, therefore, that he should take the colonial helm at such a moment as this, for there is still much careful steering to be done in Australia generally, and not least in Queensland. As Colonial Treasurer, he has more than fulfilled the expectations of his friends. He is moderate in debate and in action, and he is cautious too. Yet he knows when to strike, and can make his views prevail. He should find plenty of scope in his new position, especially as he has the co-operation of Sir Thomas McLlwraith's old colleagues, one of whom, by the way, is a native of Glasgow, another a native of Wanstead, in Essex, and a third a Welshman, with most of the Welshman's virtues.

Sir Augustus Harris has presented Mr. Melton Prior with a valuable bowl as a memento of Mr. Prior's services to the Drury Lane management in the creation of the Burmah battle-scene in "A Life of Pleasure." Mr. Prior, as an artist with much experience of war in remote and savage lands, was able to impart a much-appreciated touch of realism to the mimic warfare of the stage.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis, who lectures Englishmen on their ignorance of America, which offers such a striking contrast to every American's intimate acquaintance with English manners and institutions, has scarcely afforded a happy illustration of this American superiority in his account of the House of Commons in *Harper's Magazine*. It seems difficult for the foreign observer to blunder about so simple a matter as the usage of wearing hats in the House; but Mr. Davis has achieved this feat with striking distinction. He has discovered that some members are rude and silly enough to keep their hats on their heads even when the Prince of Wales is sitting over the clock. Had Mr. Davis ever seen a sitting of the House when the Prince of Wales is present, he might at least have observed that the Parliamentary hat, Tory or Radical, is no respecter of persons, for the simple reason that the House is not officially aware of the presence of princes or any other "strangers." A little inquiry might also have saved him from the amusing notion that a member of Parliament in a hansom has the right to drive through any "block" in the traffic of the London streets. These are elementary matters in which we are too old in this country to be set right by American students.

An industrious and learned theological writer of the Evangelical school, widely known in Europe and in

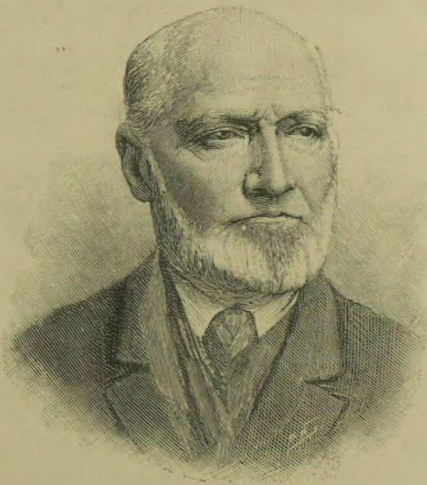


Photo by Samu'l A. Waller, Regent Street.

THE LATE REV. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.

America, was the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff, who recently died at New York. He was a native of Switzerland, born at Coire, in the Canton of the Grisons, in 1819, and studied at the German Universities of Tübingen, Halle, and Berlin; in 1844 he emigrated to the United States, to take a professorship in a German divinity college in Pennsylvania. Since 1863 Dr. Schaff has held lectureships at the American institutions of that kind at Andover, New Hampshire, Hartford in Connecticut, and New York, and has published many books of Church history, commentaries on the Scriptures, New Testament scholarship, and criticism of Biblical text revisions or re-translations. He kept up his literary connection with England and Germany, and was an active promoter of the meetings of the International Evangelical Alliance in 1873 at New York, in 1879 at Basle, and in 1884 at Copenhagen, also going with other delegates in 1871 to intercede with the Czar at St. Petersburg on behalf of the Protestants in the Baltic provinces. The University of St. Andrews conferred on him the degree of LL.D.

Alderman Beachcroft.

Mr. D'Oyly Carte.

Mr. Beresford Hope.

Chief Inspector, Vine Street.

Colonel Rotton.

Mr. Charles Morton.

Mr. Nathan Robinson.



'A QUESTION OF CHARACTER.'

MUSIC

DANCING



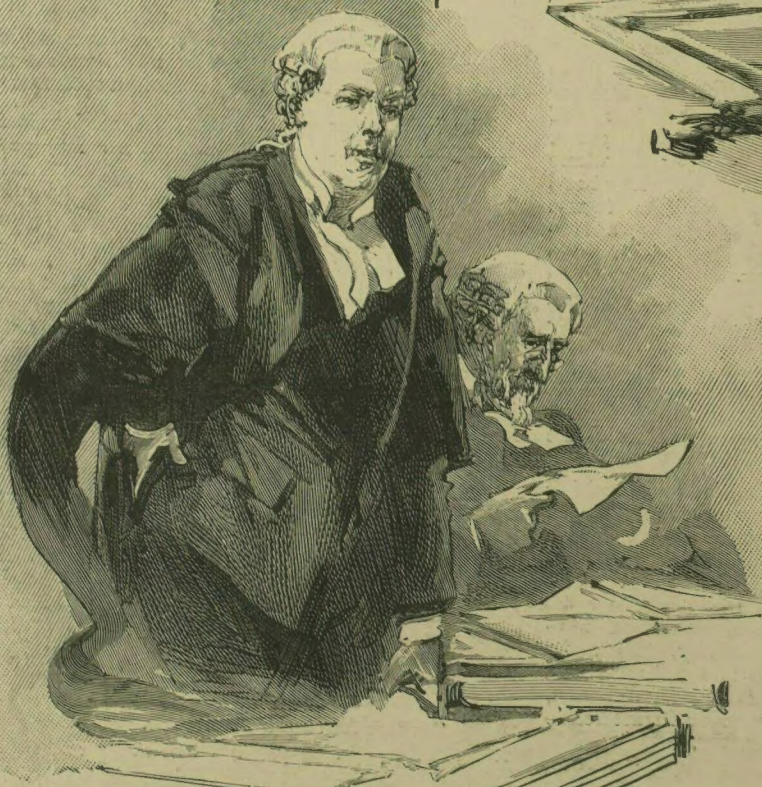
'LET US LEVEL UPWARDS'



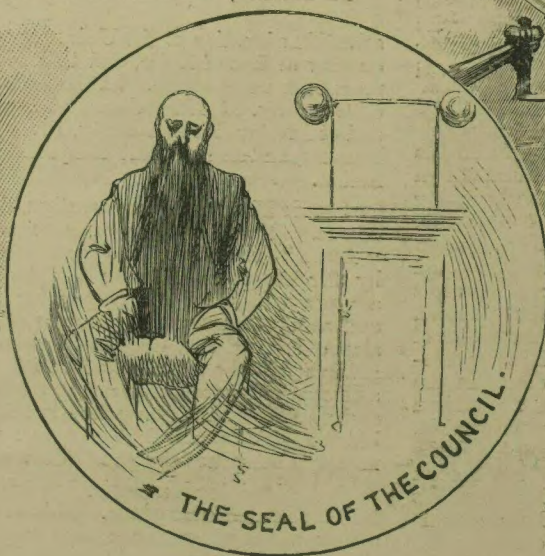
'THE FINAL COUNT'



'OH 'ARRIET WONT YE LOVE ME NOW'



A RECOLLECTION



THE SEAL OF THE COUNCIL.



'AN EXPLANATION'

Mr. McDougall.

Mr. Lockwood, Q.C.

Mr. Poland, Q.C.

Mr. J. Hutton, Chairman of the Council.

Mr. John Burns.

Mr. Fardell, Chairman of Licensing Committee.

WILLIE.

by
ANNE THACKERAY.
(MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE.)



PART IV.

Had Perseus come to the rescue of our little Andromeda? I hardly like to confess what wild and passing imaginations may have crossed my mind, suggested by her speechless confiding glances as she sat muddled and helpless in the boat, with her blue eyes fixed upon the deliverer. By every canon of sentimental literature some momentous results should have followed upon the small adventure. But I think Perseus himself was the first to enlighten me, and I secretly blushed at my own foolish imaginations when I heard him talking to Maggie as they started for home. "I have rarely seen a feeblar performance than that little Miss Willoughby's," he said; "she could have easily got off with a little enterprise, but she only screamed, and so bewildered poor Davie that he did not attempt to get off. I told him he had behaved like a duffer, and that he should have scrambled down at once; and then he explained that he didn't like to leave her."

It was certainly not a sympathetic part which had been forced on me by circumstance. Anybody enjoys helping people to be happy; but very few people care about throwing cold water upon the natural aspirations of youth, its emotions and ready affinities. One would as soon wish to prevent the little birds from building their nests. If I had thought Willie's curate in earnest, I might have taken a very different course; but when a man says that marriage is out of the question, and offers a lifelong friendship, and when a young woman is nineteen, and accepts the bargain enthusiastically, surely it is right for the elders to interfere? There may be exceptional cases, but, as a rule, it seems to me that these Friendships, with big F's, are miserable makeshifts, and only deserve a waste-paper basket. But, then, I have been for years past looking on at other people's histories, and mine may be only an old maid's cut-and-dried conclusions.

I could not quite tell what was passing in Willie's own mind. She was certainly changed after her little adventure. She passed through so many varying moods that it would have been impossible for anything but an agile young chamois to follow them. To the reproachful phase would succeed the grateful or the ecstatic, the appealing, the sulky again. I asked her about her interview with Mrs. Balsillie, but she would not tell me much—or perhaps she could not. After all, the gift of description is a special one, and it is not in everybody's power to recount the events as they occur.

"Mrs. Balsillie was very kind," said Willie, "very kind indeed." (Full stop.) "Had she ever heard of you?" (Note of interrogation on my part.) "Of course she had," says Willie. (A second full stop.)

The girl was standing by the lavender bush in Lady Frances's pretty old garden, sloping uphill from the back of the house—a sweet old Scotch garden, whose lichen-grown walls were hung with grey pear-trees, whose borders

straggled with bushy autumn plants and violets in tufts, reflecting the colour of the hills beyond.

The whole aspect of the garden seemed suited to peaceful thoughts and tranquil constancy rather than to my impatient suggestions. Willie's taciturnity and blue eyes harmonised with the silence. I could not but admire her as she stood there holding her broad hat in one hand; she wore a pretty blue cotton frock and a white kerchief pinned with a heart, an old-fashioned pearl heart such as our mothers and grandmothers all affected. "Where did

Then I saw that Willie herself was trembling as she spoke.

"I suppose Mrs. Balsillie wishes for you as a daughter," I said, taking the child's hands.

"She can't bear his going away," Willie answered incoherently, and looking aside. "She says she knows it will all come right if only I will wait, that he is the best of sons, and that she will try to increase his allowance; but, oh, dear!" said the girl, pulling her hand away with a sudden burst, "I'm sure she can't afford it; it's such a dull, damp little lodging, no wonder she's rheumatic, and Mr. Balsillie is quite right to say he won't let her send him any more money. I only wonder he ever—" Here Willie stopped short and turned crimson once more.

"It makes a great difference if he has spoken openly to his mother," I said gravely, "if he has told her he is in earnest."

"I don't know what he has said, or what he hasn't," little Willie flung out angrily. "Mrs. Balsillie cried and kissed me, and told me that I must help her to keep him at home, that she longed to see him happily married; and I couldn't answer a single word, and I do wish people would leave one alone," cried the girl. "Real gentlemen don't talk and talk about one, and make one feel wretched; I'm sure they don't, not even if they've saved one's life."

I, with my own guilty conscience, would not attempt to follow what wild disenchantments and new comparisons were floating through Willie's foolish little brain. We were a timid race in my day, and did not formulate ideas with the audacity of the young people of the present; but I confess I was glad that we were interrupted at that minute, before I had said anything I might have regretted afterwards. A servant in livery came from the house towards us. "Her ladyship says would you please come to the drawing-room; Lady Mount-Torrent is there, and Mrs. Balsillie for Miss Willoughby." Willie looked at me and began shaking her curls in great agitation and impatience. "No, no, no!" she whispered; "I can't—I don't want to see her," and before I could say a single word she was off; darting along the path and out by the wicket-gate, I saw a sudden flash of blue. She was gone. She had vanished beyond the trees, while I went upstairs with such polite fictions on my lips as are in use in civilised society.

I found the three ladies sitting at tea, Lady G— wrapped in her beautiful soft Indian shawls, Lady Frances in felts and serges, prepared for a walk; and Mrs. Balsillie in her nun-like black dress and poke bonnet, a kind, stout, apple-cheeked old lady, who had evidently passed her time in the byways of life; she was looking at the door and anxiously inquiring after my young friend's health, and hoping she was none the worse for her fright. "You are very kind—everybody is very kind. Mr. Donaldson also came up to inquire this morning; but Willie is perfectly well and robust," said I, rather drily.

"I think your young friend very charming," said the old lady, a little tremulously. "Many of the young ladies I see frighten an old woman who is not used to their



Her heart-broken child was busy practising her steps under the superintendence of Miss Maggie and her uncle the Colonel.

you get that pretty little ornament?" I said, though, to tell the truth, it was the wearer rather than the ornament I was admiring. "Mrs. Balsillie gave it me yesterday," said Willie, turning crimson and breaking off a lavender head. "Do you like it? I think it's a horrid little thing," she cried, tossing her head uneasily. "I didn't want to take it, but she would have it; she began to tremble all over when I refused."

dashing ways; but Miss Willoughby is a flower, as I said to Mrs. Glass. Just one in a thousand; and so, indeed, my son John told me when I asked him about her, and he is very hard to please, as I know full well."

"Well, my dear Mrs. Balsillie, there are many thousands of young ladies in London for fastidious young gentlemen to choose from," said Lady G—. She spoke kindly, though her eyes looked amused and sparkling.

"I never was there, my lady," said Mrs. Balsillie; "I never went farther south than Edinburgh." Mrs. Balsillie took her leave after a short time; she had come over in the fly from the station, and an imperative message from the driver brought her visit to a close. "Joe Baillie never likes waiting," the poor lady said, nervously; "he always suds up just as one is beginning to settle comfortably down. Ye'll send Miss Willoughby to see me, Miss Williamson; I feel I could love that lassie."

"There's no doubt about dear old Mrs. Balsillie's wishes, whatever her son's may be," said Lady Frances as the old lady trotted off.

"I daresay he knows, as a reasonable man, that he can't afford to marry now. Young Donaldson ought to be looking out for a wife," Lady G— said, as she rose to depart; "they say his business has doubled in the last two years."

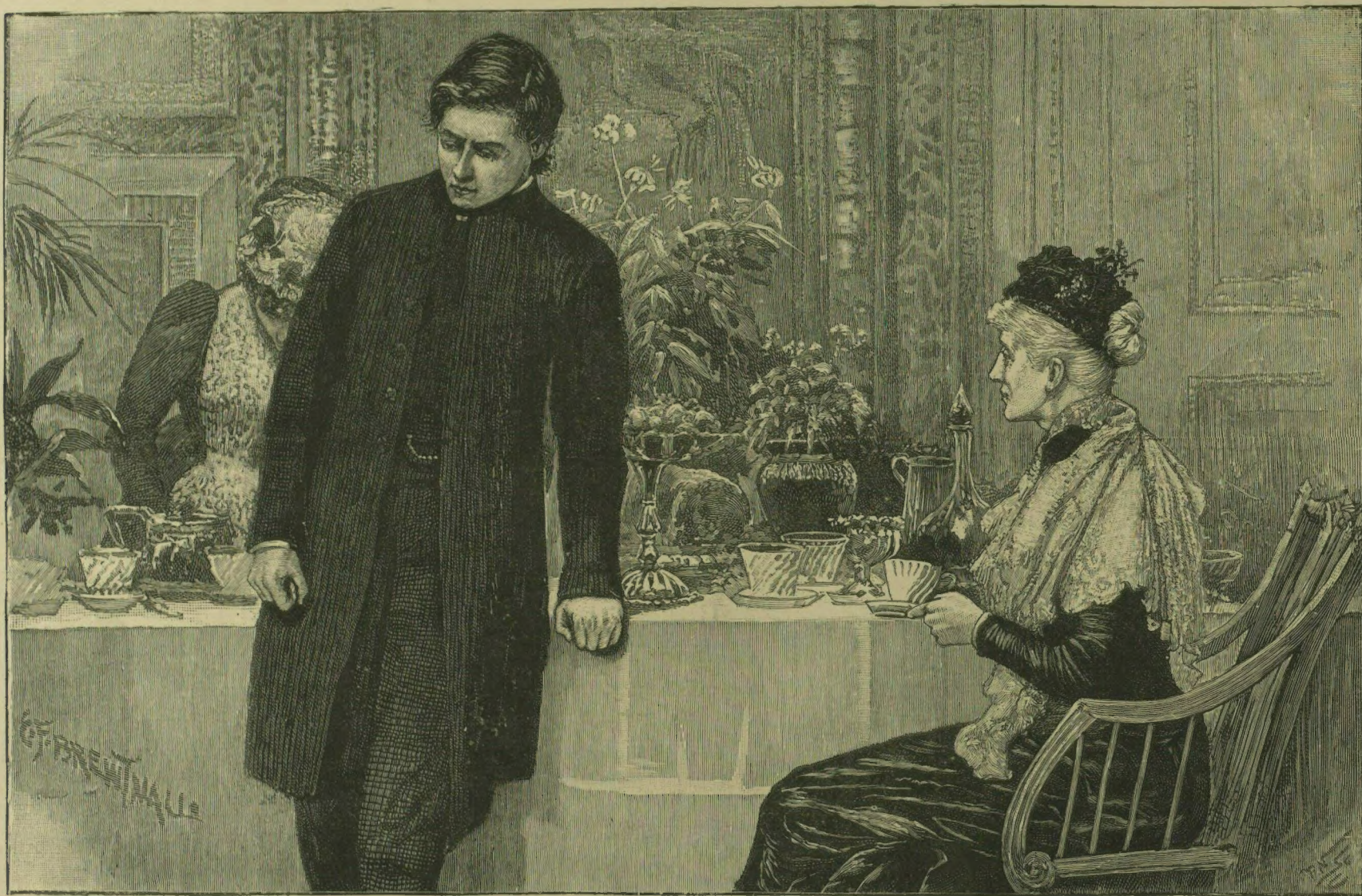
"Oh, Aunt Helen! if you think it's time for him to settle," said Lady Frances, laughing, "I have no doubt he will bestir himself." Then Lady G— carried her niece off with her in her brougham, and I went my way to look for the vanished Willie.

as well as in heaven, there are many mansions. I think I must have said as much to Willie, who exclaimed in some confusion, "Oh! I don't mean—" and just then we heard the sound of a horn, and the village post-boy came cantering by on his pony, with his letter-bag flapping behind him. He almost brushed against us, so suddenly did he come up. The girl caught hold of my arm with both her hands and pulled me back, and then, as if to make up by confidence for her implied criticism, she went on shyly: "Dear Miss Williamson, I want to tell you why I went away. I wanted to post a letter to Mr. Balsillie; I had not courage to show it you. It was in my pocket just now. I know I am very worldly, I know I don't deserve anything at all; but I couldn't," she cried, speaking very quickly and looking away, "oh! I couldn't be happy waiting and waiting for ever. Dickie says she *could*, but I now feel I couldn't, though I thought so once, and Mrs. Balsillie was, oh! so kind; but she didn't know me, and I have sent him back the little heart in my letter, and I asked him some day, when she wouldn't mind, to return it to his mother from me. I knew it was good-bye when we came away and when Mamma cried, and I know it ten thousand times more now," said the poor girl. "I've written to Dickie; Mamma wouldn't understand; she will only think me noble. I'm not; I'm horrid—horrid," said Willie, bursting into tears.

"No, my dear; you are an honest, good little girl," said I. I felt quite touched by her sudden outpouring, so simple, so artless was the revelation of what had been passing in her mind. She was not very clever, she was

distributed the parcel. Lady Frances went off with hers, the girls also disappeared their different ways, and finding myself alone for ten minutes, with no other company than that of the ancestors peacefully hanging in the firelight, I opened my correspondence. One wavering, struggling handwriting I recognised at once.

"Dear Miss Williamson," wrote Mrs. Willoughby on her broad mourning paper (she had been a widow for years, but she clung to her black margins, and seemed to find some curious moral support from the funereal edges), "you must first of all let me thank you deeply for your more than motherly kindness to my poor child; my heart bleeds for her" (hearing a burst of laughter on the staircase, I looked up; it was only some little skirmish between the girls and Charlie, who had produced a banjo, and was executing some nigger antics for their edification). "I have just seen John Balsillie. He tells me—I could scarcely believe him—that he has heard from my Willie—that at her own wish the tender friendship between them is at an end. He bids me say that he feels no resentment, his friendship will still be hers, though she turn against him. He says he would send his love, but he thinks it is best not; nor will he allow himself to write. I fear he is somewhat wounded and hurt, though I am glad to say that he knows that Willie's mother and sister will understand him and do him justice. Poor, poor fellow! we do indeed sympathise with him. He has accepted the ship's chaplaincy; he tells me he had determined to do so even before Willie's letter arrived. He preached his farewell sermon yesterday; there was scarcely



"I wouldn't speak so plain, but I know you are a gentleman as well as a chaplain."

The road that skirts the pinewood and the grounds of A— House divides into three pathways, one of which leads to the village, one to the moors, and the third crosses the river by a bridge not far from which a little tributary stream brawls up in hot haste. The stream is spanned by a second bridge of wooden planks, and it was upon this wooden bridge that I descried a slight figure leaning far over the paling and gazing into the curling waters below, with their rush and noise and sweet confusion. A little way off, at the saw-mills, where the men were ending their day's work, I could hear Mr. Donaldson calling out his final orders. His voice reached us quite plain across the shallows and reeds at the bend of the river. Though the day was near its close, that bright half-hour which so often comes just before sunset was lighting up the waters and the delicate beech-trees on either side.

"So here you are, Willie!" I said, as I came up. "Mrs. Balsillie is gone. She was much disappointed not to see you. It was very naughty of you to run away."

"I know," Willie answered, still looking at the water. "I'm very sorry." Her eyes were red; she seemed ready to cry again.

"Lady G— has been talking about the ball," I continued hastily, thinking it best to change the subject and ignore her agitation. "Can you dance a reel, Willie?" Willie didn't answer. She stepped down from the bridge, giving me one of her quick, reproachful glances, and walked beside me in silence. "Reels! What did such nonsense matter?" her eyes seemed to say. "Was a woman of my age, with one foot in the grave, to be still occupied with dancing and fiddling!" We elder people don't like to be thought frivolous, though, perhaps, it sometimes happens that we have learnt better than young ones to value innocent joy and happiness; and it is not from want of heart, but because we have hearts, that we realise that on earth,

not very wise, but she was a sincere little mortal, with natural straightforward impulses, and surely, surely she deserved a straightforward return.

She looked up after a minute, wiped her eyes, and gulped down her sobs. We walked on side by side in friendly silence, leaving the stream behind us, and advancing by the pinewood past the gamekeeper's cottage.

V.

The night of the ball arrived at last. Willie had greatly cheered up in the last two days, and the more she bloomed and smiled the more often our neighbour Mr. Donaldson seemed to think it necessary to inquire after her health. She was for ever practising her reel steps, and Davie used to come up regularly to teach her. On the evening before the ball the boy brought her a pretty bunch of white heather. He seemed shy about it and mysterious.

"Where did you gather it, Davie?" said Lady Frances.

But Davie only grinned and shook his head, and Lady Frances asked no more.

We started for the castle betimes, for we were to dine in the big dining-room before the dance began. As we came up the sweep to the front door we passed the Colonel and little Charlie, who were looking out for us, and who waved their caps as we passed. The fire in the hall was ablaze, lighting up the antlers and the spear-heads and the tiger-skins with which the hall was decorated. There were owls also, looking alive on their perches, and gulls with outstretched wings, each commemorating its own story of past sport and adventure.

The Colonel welcomed us cordially. "They are all expecting you," he said. "Charlie and I have been riding over to A—, and we have brought back the letters. Here are some for you, Miss Williamson," he said, as he

a dry eye in the congregation. The ship sails in three weeks, of which he intends to spend at least one with his aged parent, devoting the remaining days to her before he leaves. I envy you the chance of meeting him again. Poor fellow, how I honour his spirited determination! He tells me the pay is far better than the salary he has been receiving, that he can do much for his mother's comfort, though marriage is still out of the question. Ah! how one mourns to think of these young hearts blighted, these innocent creatures suffering so cruelly for want of that dross we all despise. Dickie feels it too deeply to speak on the subject. My love to my Willie; tell her, whatever others may say, I am certain she acted nobly and for the best. Ever, dearest Mary, if I may so call you—for, indeed, I feel as if you were Mary the sister rather than Miss Williamson the friend, to me—yours most affectionately and most gratefully, "CORDELIA WILLOUGHBY."

"P.S.—I asked him if his determination was final, and if he could not make up his mind to a long engagement, but he turned away, murmuring words I, alas! could not catch."

The silly woman was quite capable of trying to bring the stupid entanglement all on again, I thought, as I tore her foolish epistle into small pieces, which I threw into the blazing fire; nor did I feel myself bound to deliver Mrs. Willoughby's pathetic messages to her heart-broken child, who was still busy practising her steps under the superintendence of Miss Maggie and her uncle the Colonel, and looking very pretty and smiling as she pointed her white toes among the merry flight of boys and girls. Lady Jane, a daughter of the house, seeing them all tuning up, suddenly sprang to the piano, and began playing reels and rants, as they call them, with marvellous brightness and accuracy; nor did she cease till dinner was

announced by a warlike personage in a moustache. It was not till nine o'clock that, the eating being over, the real business of the evening began; then the lights were brought, the tables were wheeled away, the doors taken off their hinges. The servants came in, followed by the neighbours, farmers, and craftsmen from their various homes in the adjoining villages, valleys, and mountain passes—the farmer from the Tay Farm, Mr. Donaldson in his kilt, the stable-boy in a smart Volunteer uniform, the gardeners and gamekeepers from the moors and lochs hard by. I watched them as they entered the big room—a stalwart, self-respecting, well-mannered set of men, making their dignified bows to her ladyship and to the ladies of the castle, and immediately falling to work and beginning to dance with an active gravity which did not intermit nor relax till the evening was far advanced. Their wives and lassies followed in their steps—slight, pretty, fair-haired women for the most part, doing credit to their mountain homes. Mrs. Glass was there. "I tried to persuade Mrs. Balsillie to come w' us, my leddy," said she to Lady Frances, "but she went off into such a fit of laughing at the suggestion, I thought she would have dropped, and she just stayed behind to keep the house, and, indeed, she was expecting company. Mr. Glass has gone to meet the nine o'clock train at the station."

Mr. Donaldson handed out Lady G—. Then the Volunteer marched up in his turn in his grand red tartan kilt, and politely invited Miss Maggie to join in the set. It was a reel which could be danced in couples or on opposite sides.

"Will you hae it grappit or lous', Miss Maggie?" said he.

"Oh, lous', by all means," says Miss Maggie with a droll twinkle; and away they go, setting, poussetting, and jigging and bobbing opposite to one another—a delightful sight to behold!

The Colonel had been dancing with great dignity and spirit for the last quarter of an hour at the rate of some fifty or sixty steps a minute. His magnificent dress set off his stately figure, his kilt was of the well-known tartan of the great clan to which he belongs. By day it was green, but of an evening it turned to red, with criss-cross of various colours, and with lines of white, unintelligible to southern eyes, but not without their meaning; for the Scotch families pinned their faith upon their sleeves. You could tell them all and their history by the colour of their plaid. On his shoulder the Colonel wore a cairngorm in a silver setting which was an heirloom; he also had big shining silver buttons and glittering ornaments, and every step he took seemed an event to me. He advanced with an air of romantic ease which must have carried conviction to the most sceptical.

It was not without some pardonable elation that I presently discovered that the partner of this stately figure was no other than my little Wilhelmina, in her white muslin skirt and white satin ribbons. She also wore a bunch of white heather in her bodice. She blushed with pleasure, looking very sweet and modest all the time. The musician at the piano played on with endless spirit and courage. I had been sitting alone for a few minutes, and enjoying myself my own way, when I chanced to look up at the doorway, at the further end of the hall, and who should I recognise of all unexpected guests, standing among the spectators, somewhat dusty and without a wedding garment, and staring over the heads with an idiotic and offended snimper upon his handsome features, but Mr. Balsillie, the late curate of Medina Row Chapel, and beside him was Mr. Glass, from Lochan-Eilan Farm. In a moment I realised that the curate was the company expected, and he must have arrived by the nine o'clock train from Perth, and had, no doubt, come on in the farmer's gig.

Willie had not seen him as yet; she was too busy minding her steps to look about; but my late fellow-lodger having discovered me in my corner, and knowing no one else, presently came along the room, skirting the wall in order to avoid the dancers.

"So you have come north, Mr. Balsillie," said I, not over graciously, as he arrived. "You see, we are all well employed; and how do you find your mother?"

"I have not yet seen her," said Mr. Balsillie, with an important air. "Farmer Glass met me at the station, and when he proposed to bring me straight here I did not like to refuse. How delightful these patriarchal gatherings are, to which one can come uninvited and sure of a welcome! What a merry scene! How charming our little friend is looking!" he continued, following Willie with half approving glances, and then, as the girl came up panting and breathless after her set, he rose suddenly, and held out his hand. I saw reproach in his eye, tempered by forbearance, superiority, affability. Willie looked a little scared, stopped short, shook hands hastily, fluttering, fanning herself. The light of the dance was still in her face, dismay on her lips. It was certainly a most curious little concatenation of events. "Mr. Balsillie has looked in on his way to his mother's," said I. "You must be tired, Mr. Balsillie, and dusty after your long journey."

"I need not ask you if you are well and enjoying yourself," said the chaplain, ignoring me and looking earnestly at Willie.

I could see that he had never before thought of her as he was thinking of her then.

"Reels are very delightful," Willie answered, confusedly. "They have all been so kind about teaching me."

"But you must not mind giving up one dance for an old friend, for the sake of our friendship," said Balsillie, in his most irresistible tones. "I must have a few words with you, now that I have come all these miles to see you."

Willie, tremulous, undecided, looked up to me. I looked anxiously round, turning things in my mind, trying to find some excuse to get rid of my importunate curate. Some people certainly possess the gift of reading at a glance the events which are going on round about in the world, whereas some of us never even learn to spell the page. As I was hesitating, suddenly a voice beside us exclaimed: "What! Miss Willoughby sitting down already! This cannot be allowed." There stood Lady G—in her shining satin saque and her jewels and falling laces.

"Here is Mr. Donaldson, who wants to have the

pleasure of dancing with you," and as she spoke she laid a white hand upon the handsome young Highlander in his kilt, standing near with a smiling and ready mien, "or perhaps you were engaged to dance with Mr. Balsillie? Am I not right—are you not Mr. Balsillie?" said her ladyship with a faint *souçon* of fun.

The chaplain's accomplishments did not include the Scotch reel. He gravely and at some length explained to Lady G—that he avoided dancing on principle. "Not that I think it wrong—far from it," he explained, with some unnecessary solemnity.

"Quite right, quite right," said the lady, brightly, "I quite approve, and you shall come with me and help me to look after our guests in the tea-room." As she spoke she motioned to him to give her his arm, and so led him off in the most charming and natural way, and kept him employed for the next half-hour. Not another word could poor Balsillie get with Willie, though he waited and waited in the hopes of a chance. She danced and danced, handed on from one partner to another by her over-watchful hostess—it was like the story of the king's daughter, who danced on and on while they brought her the news of her father's murder and her lover's death. My heroine was no king's daughter, but an impressionable little girl who had, perhaps for the first time, escaped from the narrow bounds of her small conventionalities, and put out her wings and flitted away for ever from the mystic glamour of Medina Row. I could have laughed, only that it was so unkind to laugh, when I came upon John Balsillie some time later in the evening, still lingering on in the enforced background, and still sulking among the tea-cups.

I asked him to hand me a cup filled with the useful tonic; then I asked for milk, then for sugar, then for bread and butter; and, as he held the plate, a sudden burst of music reached us. "There she goes!" said



The little pearl brooch came back to her, with Mrs. Balsillie's compliments and kind wishes.

John Balsillie, sarcastically, and then some sudden impulse made me speak quite frankly to the poor fellow, for whom I was feeling a little bit sorry. "When I brought little Willie away with me she was not well or happy," I said; "she seemed quite drooping and wasting away. This has been a really delightful and providential change for her. She has found kind friends and natural interests, and—well, I know you, too, are a kind friend, and I will tell you here is young Mr. Donaldson immensely interested in her. He has a house all ready, and is only wanting a mistress for his home. Lady G—has set her heart on the match, and you must wish us well, and—forgive me for confiding in you. I wouldn't speak so plain, but I know you are a gentleman as well as a chaplain, and it would be such a pity if everybody was disappointed and disturbed."

I hardly dared look at him—as I spoke he turned black, crimson, yellow in turn. "I think I understand," he said, with a bilious laugh. "Well, good-evening, Miss Williamson," the poor fellow continued, not unkindly. "I suppose my mother will be sitting up for me." He was gone.

When Willie's engagement to Mr. Donaldson was announced the little pearl brooch came back to her, with Mrs. Balsillie's compliments and kind wishes. Dickie keeps up an occasional correspondence with the chaplain, who seems to like Zanzibar better than he expected. Mrs. Willoughby still beats her breast and flutters between Scotland and West Kensington.

As for me, I am at home again as I write in my lodgings in Medina Road, and the hills and the widespread moors, the saw-mill beyond the bridge, and the echoing forge among the pines are some three hundred miles away. But I can hear the hammers falling, and the Spey dashes through my little sitting-room in sparkling fury, and I can lift up mine eyes to the line of light which bounds the circling hills of Aviemore. What wondrous visionary estate do I not owe to my good friend! How many an acre of moor and deer forest, skies almost beyond the ken of human eyes, aspects of such changing beauty that again and again I find myself wondering what radiant, unimagined gate of heaven is open upon earth to those distant horizons.

THE END.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Although it seems late in the day to talk of the holidays being over, it may be interesting to note a little annotation regarding the post-holiday season which appeared recently in the pages of the *Lancet*. I was much struck with the opinions therein expressed, because they are so consistent with the feelings of not a few of us after the period of rest and recreation is ended. The writer of the annotation described the holiday fever as passing off, and our mental temperature as threatening to fall below the normal line, while he added that the post-holiday stage is one much more deserving the attention of us all than is generally supposed to be the case. What is said of holidays in this sense applies to every period of rest and recreation we obtain and enjoy. You return from a pleasant holiday, and the symptoms of the "post-holiday malady" at once begin to assert themselves. You feel depressed, and wish the pleasant time was all to be gone over again. Work is like some nauseous medicine, eminently distasteful. You cannot settle down; thoughts won't flow; the mind seems in a condition of standstill; the energies appear paralysed, and you feel strongly tempted to throw your responsibilities to the winds and to pack up and be off again. As the *Lancet* writer remarks, you sigh for a hair of the dog that bit you; and so, if you are able to gratify your sense of unrest after your holiday, you tread the primrose way until you feel you are never at home save when you are from home.

I suppose we all experience this sense of unrest after our return from our leisure time and our hours of play. "Black Monday" is a bitter time for the schoolboy, whose nostalgia becomes very acutely developed in the first week of his return to school. Older folks than schoolboys experience the same feeling of unrest, although, as we get on in years, I suppose we do not regard coming home from holidaying and the beginning of work with the same disquietude that marked our younger days. What the *Lancet* writer recommends is the cultivation of home employments and pleasures. What I recommend is the exercise of a little common-sense. The home comforts and pleasures are what we don't want just then; we want to be off and away from work and toil. Common-sense corrects this feeling by reminding us of the palling effects of perpetual play, and by hinting that there are holidays and pleasant times awaiting us in the near future. And there is yet another reflection which serves as a cure for the spirit of unrest. Some weeks ago, in this page, I descanted on the great value of the power of adjusting ourselves to our surroundings. Well, in this power lie our real mental safety and our truest cure for the grumbling disease. A week passes at home, and we get settled down. It is at best a fitful fever, this, which comes after the holidays. Habit asserts its sway; thoughts no longer delay and dally; the pen glides easily over the paper; daily tasks come in their accustomed routine, and we regain the mental equilibrium—and this all the more quickly because of the health and strength the holiday breezes have borne to us on their wings.

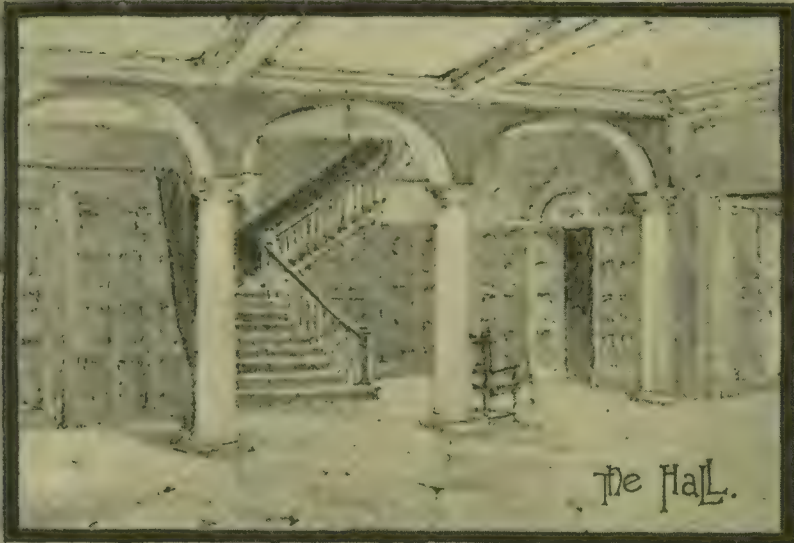
Statistics have been lately published of the results of the treatment of hydrophobia practised at the Pasteur Institute in Paris during 1892. The details are highly instructive. The number of patients who were treated was 1790, and out of this number only four were known to have died from hydrophobia at the date of issuing the report. In 600 cases the injuries were regarded as those inflicted by animals actually rabid; in the remaining cases there was certainty of this fact, in so far as certainty could be assured by the results of veterinary examination, and by the death from rabies of other animals bitten by those which had inflicted the bites on M. Pasteur's patients. The figures also bring out the relative danger of bites on different parts of the body. The Pasteur treatment was commenced in 1886; and since then the death-rate from bites on the head has been 1.48 per cent.; from bites on the hand, 0.55 per cent.; and from bites on the limbs, 0.24 per cent. Head injuries are thus more apt to be fatal than body-bites. Is this fact due to the nearness of the injury to the great nervous centres?

It is pointed out that a very important condition in the treatment is that of delay in having the sufferer brought under M. Pasteur's care. This, I suspect, is the real cause of failures. The poison of the rabid dog, I believe, remains for a time at or near the seat of the wound, then it is absorbed, or at least passes to the nerve-centres, which it specially attacks. If this be so, we can readily understand the importance of early cleansing of the bite. Such treatment can only favour the patient's subsequent recovery under M. Pasteur's inoculation; and of course it is easy to understand that, in the matter of head-bites and body-bites, already discussed, the head is unprotected, while in the case of a bite on the body or limbs, so much of the dog's saliva may be received by the patient's clothes.

The nationality of Pasteur's patients is an interesting item. France and Algeria sent him 1584 in 1892, and Algeria is notorious as a source of supply of bitten persons. Portugal sent 96, England 26, Belgium 11, Egypt 12, Spain 14, Greece 19, Russia and the United States 1 each, Holland 14, Switzerland 3, and India 9. In Russia and elsewhere, I fancy, they have institutes of their own for the practice of Pasteur's treatment. From Madeira one patient came, his injury arising from a rabid dog which had been bitten by a Portuguese dog. Till then rabies was unknown in Madeira. The question of the interval which has to elapse till a patient may consider himself safe from any danger of attack is, of course, unsettled. There are great variations exhibited in respect of the time which may elapse between the reception of the injury and the appearance of the symptoms. One case is given in the report which is noteworthy. An English patient was treated in 1887 at the Pasteur Institute. He died last year of hydrophobia. Five years, therefore, elapsed between the injury and the fatal result. That this is an excessively exceptional and rare case is proved by the fact that since 1886, and in the history of the 12,782 patients treated, no such instance of delayed danger has been chronicled. It is added that rabies in the dog seems to reach a maximum development in the spring and autumn of each year.



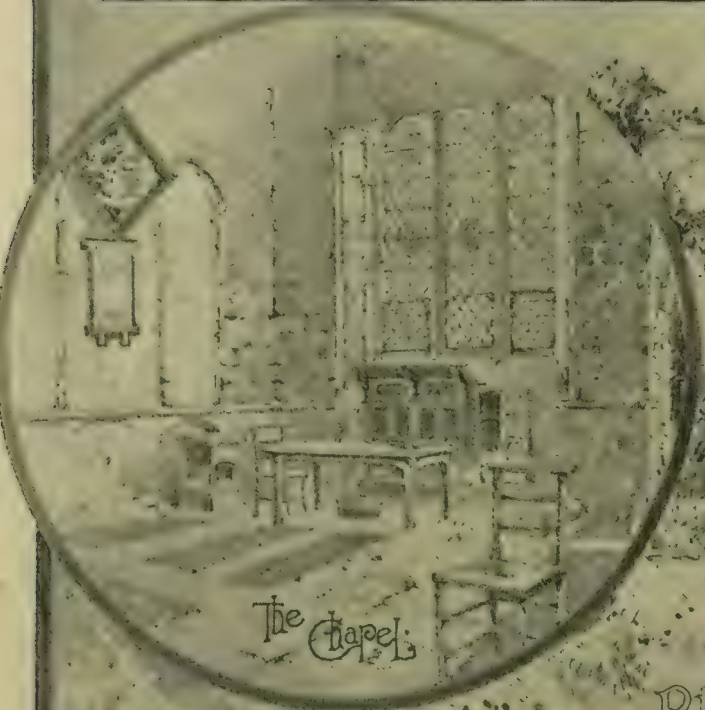
The Garden Front.



The Hall.



Room in which Macaulay was born.



The Chapel.

Rothley Temple.

John Trincham.



THE YOUNG IDOLATERS.

LITERATURE.

THE FAIRIES' COMMONWEALTH.

It is not always that so good a case can be made out for a reprint as in the instance of the last addition to "The Curabaz Library." *The Secret Commonwealth of Elves, Fauns, and Fairies*, by the Rev. Robert Kirk (David Nutt) is not only a curious and entertaining book, but a very rare one. Mr. Andrew Lang, who has discharged the functions of editor *con amore*, doubts whether the book ever was, as commonly stated, published in the seventeenth century. Certainly no vestige of such an edition exists, and the only accessible one has hitherto been the reprint, or *editio princeps*, as the case may be, executed at Abbotsford in 1815. The little book certainly should not be allowed to perish, for it is one entirely *sui generis*. There are numerous works by ecclesiastics denouncing witchcraft and alleged intercourse with supernatural beings, and some exploding them as superstitions; but there is perhaps no other example of a defence of "the good people" by an orthodox minister, who, admitting the existence of elves and fairies as a matter fully established, argues seriously in favour of opening up communication with them, as an undertaking eminently serviceable to religion. "Who knows," he asks, "but this intercourse betwixt the two kinds of rational inhabitants of the same earth may be not only believed shortly, but as freely entertained and as well known as now the art of navigation, printing, limning, riding on saddles with stirrups, and the discoveries of microscopes, which were sometimes as great a wonder and as hard to be believed?" Many curious stories are adduced with undoubting confidence in support of this contention, branching off into the allied subject of second sight, since the discernment of elves and fairies frequently required a supernatural gift. Since its publication or republication in 1815, Kirk's book has always been esteemed as a repertory of this kind of anecdote. He has also much to say about the elf bolts so commonly found in Scotland, in which a prosaic age sees only arrow heads of the Stone Age, but which Kirk is sure "could not be cut so small and neat, of so brittle a substance, by all the art of man." He was himself a seventh son, and probably credited by others with occult endowments, and a man of such learning in Gaelic as to be described on his tombstone as "linguæ Hibernicæ lumen." But whether he was actually buried there is the question; for, having characteristically fallen down in a trance on a fairy hill, he appeared, as stated, to a relation, whom he informed that he was not dead, but "spirited away to Fairyland," and might be "restored to society" if this relation would throw a knife over his head at his next appearance among men, which was not done, and he was never seen again. "This," remarks Mr. Lang, "is extremely to be regretted, as he could now add matter of much importance to his treatise." In default of this, Mr. Lang has himself added much of great interest, including parallels between the fairy traditions of Scotland and those of other countries, and speculations on the extent to which they may embody actual reminiscences of a primitive race of inhabitants. RICHARD GARNETT.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

A Popular Handbook to the National Gallery. Compiled by Edward T. Cook. (Macmillan, 1893.) Fourth edition.—The mere fact that this valuable guide to our national collection of pictures has already reached its fourth edition is evidence that it has found favour with the public. No other gallery in Europe, perhaps, possesses any "hand-book" so complete, although travellers might, however, demur to adding to their hand-luggage many volumes of like weight and proportions. Mr. Ruskin, who introduced the original edition of the Handbook to the public in 1858, bore willing testimony to the service Mr. Cook had rendered to all thoughtful students of what he regards as the most important collection of paintings in Europe for their purpose. As we are ushered into each room of the great building in Trafalgar Square, Mr. Cook gives a lucid and practical survey of the school of painting to which it is dedicated, and this serves to give point and method to the detailed examination of each picture as it is passed in review. With not a few of the works there is some personal story connected which deserves to be noted and preserved—for not a few refer to the circumstances under which the National Gallery has been enriched by bequests or donations. The biography of the collection from this point is to be found in the appendix, where the manner in which each work found its way into the Gallery is stated, and the curious lover of statistics may, by means of a little trouble, discover how much public money has been spent since the Angerstein collection of thirty-eight pictures was purchased in 1824. The amount probably does not fall short of five or six hundred thousand pounds; but it would be found impossible to replace the present works by others of similar importance for twice that sum. As to the value of the pictures presented and bequeathed, it is impossible to make any guess, but we may be certain that it is at least equal to the sum which has been expended on purchases.

Mr. Cook's Handbook, it should be added, is thoroughly up to date, containing notices of Ruysdaels' sea-piece purchased last summer and Fred Walker's "Harbour of Refuge," presented to the National Gallery a month or two ago by Mr. Agnew, forming an admirable pendant to "The Vagrants," purchased in 1886 at the Graham sale for £1858, which Mr. Cook describes as the poetry of labour, while "The Harbour of Refuge" is the poetry of repose after the day's task is ended. Of the contents of the basement rooms, to which only a few visitors penetrate, Mr. Cook speaks with great fullness, as well as of the few pictures on loan, among which the portraits of the members of the Dilettanti Society by Sir Joshua Reynolds are the most interesting. He, however, makes no reference to certain pictures which are supposed to repose in still lower depths, among which, if the erudite compiler of the Berlin Museum catalogue may be trusted, is an original work by Michael Angelo. This may be

an apocryphal story, but the copy which is hung at Berlin is credited with having been painted from the work said to be in our national collection.

The method of consecutive numbering of pictures in the order of their acquisition adopted by the trustees has doubtless many obvious advantages. It would, in the first place, permit the periodical issue of supplementary catalogues—a very decided boon to the public. On the other hand, it might possibly destroy the symmetrical arrangement of Mr. Cook's catalogue. Nevertheless, we cannot help thinking that even he would consult public convenience, and possibly even public taste, if, by separating the British from the foreign schools, he gave a more portable handbook for the less able-bodied students of our national pictures. LIONEL ROBINSON.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S WORKS.

Method and Results. By Thomas H. Huxley. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1893.)—This is the first volume of a uniform reprint of Mr. Huxley's essays, and it should have welcome not only for its handy size, but for the arrangement in logical sequence of materials which, from the nature of the case, are distributed disconnectedly through the volumes in which they first appeared. Mr. Huxley tells us in his preface that, so far as the substance of these essays goes, he finds nothing to alter in them; which we take as good evidence that the world has come nearer and nearer to his way of thinking, some sections being, seemingly, fretfully anxious to declare that they were in agreement with him when he daringly anticipated the ultimate application of Darwin's theory in "Man's Place in Nature," the reissue of which scarce treatise will be specially welcome. The present volume is enriched by two papers which are not in very accessible form—namely, the delightful "Autobiography" and the survey of the "Progress of Science" from 1837—1887. Mr. Huxley had contributed the rough framework of his autobiography to Chambers's "Encyclopædia"; here the picture is added of a life which has enriched its generation with another example of triumph over early struggles; of time stolen from scanty leisure, and of weakness made strong to free the spirit of man from error and from all the harm that comes to it through prejudice and ignorance. As the title implies, space is given to essays which insist on the oneness of method and aim which should govern every branch of inquiry, both into the physical and psychical; and, connected with this, there are the wholesome repetitions which warn the scientific investigator against mistaking his formulæ and symbols for real entities, at the cost of both truth and beauty. Equally wholesome and necessary are the admonitions to an age "in a hurry" not to be drawn away by "speculative chimeras" from the sober and narrow path "which is the sole road to permanent well-being." In fine, the reperusal of old favourites heightens for us—if that be possible—our appreciation both of the virility of the thought and of the felicity of its expression which have made Mr. Huxley the most nutritive teacher of our time. EDWARD CLODD.

MISS CORELLI'S NEW NOVEL.

Barabbas: A Dream of the World's Tragedy. By Marie Corelli. Three volumes. (London: Methuen and Co.)—In the course of a valiant, if venturesome, career in fiction, Miss Corelli has arrived at Calvary. Her admirers doubtless expected it of her, but they must now be speculating somewhat anxiously what heights remain for her to scale. "Barabbas" is the story of the Crucifixion, and of the subsequent conversion of Barabbas himself, who dies in prison when there is apparently much left for him to do. Pontius Pilate, a not unimpressive figure; Caiaphas, a wholly contemptible one; Peter, a ludicrous parody; Mary Magdalen, and other historic actors in the great drama are here; and it may be said at once, and without hesitation, that Miss Corelli has written many pages of real power and imaginative beauty, and that the book, as a whole, is vivid and has a certain reality. Miss Corelli's conception of Judas and the motives which led him to the betrayal will be questioned by some of her readers, who will perhaps regard it as startlingly original; so it may be as well to assure them that, whatever is to be said for and against that conception, it is not new in the least. De Quincey presented it, albeit in a slightly different form, nearly forty years ago; and German theologians had broached the speculation still earlier. The theory is that Judas, as the shrewdest and most worldly-wise of the Disciples, and believing (as all of them did) that it was an earthly kingdom which Christ was ripening for the Jews, sought to force Him into action by betraying Him to the authorities, when it was supposed that He would at once discover His power. So Judas concocted his plot, which, on this understanding of the matter, was not an act of treachery, but a contrivance to precipitate the realisation of Christ's mission as the Prince and Conqueror of this world in the material interests of the Jews. Miss Corelli, for the purposes of her story, has gone two steps further back. It is Caiaphas, the High Priest, who, working through his mistress Judith, the beautiful, depraved sister of Judas, is here the true author of the scheme for Christ's betrayal. Judith, inspired by Caiaphas, persuades her brother that only by denouncing his Master can he compel Him to prove His divinity. Judas, hungering for the earthly kingdom, falls into the snare, and so "the world's tragedy" is prepared. After the Crucifixion, Judith goes mad, stabs Caiaphas, and dies. As for the style of "Barabbas," it is the style with which all readers of Miss Corelli are familiar, and which it is evident that all her admirers delight in. Vainly does any reviewer preach moderation to Miss Corelli in this respect. Pontius Pilate, Caiaphas, Peter, Barabbas, are all bitten, in turn, by Miss Corelli's own particular tarantula, and, in the language of the schools, it gives them fits. How many of the "shrieks and groans" with which the second volume opens could be counted from end to end of the book I do not know. Yet Miss Corelli has fine moments; and the scene around the sepulchre on the last night of the watch, with the mysterious music, the blossoming of the hills, the sudden radiance of the skies, and the great vision which Barabbas alone beholds from a cleft in the rock, has a sincerely spiritual beauty. TIGHE HOPKINS.

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MR. STEAD'S ORACLE.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"The worst way of being familiar," says Dr. Samuel Johnson, "is being familiar by letter." The great Doctor is right, especially when your letter is printed by your correspondent. Someone has sent me a marked copy of Mr. Stead's periodical, *Borderland*. There are printed "Opinions of Notables," and to my amazement and horror there stands a note from myself, in company with better people—Mr. Benjamin Tillett, the Head-Master of Harrow, the editor of *The Illustrated London News*, Mr. Huxley, and his opponent, the celebrated Rev. Joseph Cook, who, I think, discovered that, in Bathybius, *Bathus* means "deep," and *Bios* "the sea." "*Que diable fais-je dans cette galère?*" one asked. Then, on looking at my notable contribution, I remembered all! *Borderland* was sent to me by Mr. Stead. I wrote a brief note of acknowledgment, which I certainly intended to be absolutely private; I said that my interest in his themes was historical and mythological; I suggested "an accurate study," by "a qualified person," of the Cock Lane Ghost, and I made a most irreverent remark to the effect that the Psychical Society are sadly to seek in historical research. So Mr. Stead prints the whole, and this comes of being familiar in letters. I apologise to Mr. Stead for a familiarity which our degree of acquaintance by no means warranted, and to the Psychical Society for a hasty comment which was never intended to see the light.

However, if Mr. Stead wants an opinion of his venture (which I did not give in my note), he shall have it. The editor of *this Journal*, it is printed, after compliments, regretted that Mr. Stead "should waste his time with such arrant nonsense." I, too, think that the editor of *Borderland* is wasting his time, and that the topics, as he treats them, are—well—are of no great value either for psychology or history or *volks-psychologie*, which is a branch of folk-lore. The topics, I confess—superstitious as the avowal may seem—are to me of some interest. All history and biography and anthropological research contain narratives of certain beliefs, certain alleged phenomena—all abnormal, many incredible at present. Religion, law, politics recognised and dealt with these phenomena till the laws against witchcraft were abolished, about 1738. Then the phenomena were simply scorned, till Mesmer reintroduced them in a mist of quackery. Gradually, Science accepted and recognised and exploited some of the facts, while scouting and rejecting other alleged facts (such as clairvoyance) which had always been reported to accompany the accepted phenomena in history, and which are still said to accompany them now and then. Well, the universality of report as to these still scouted and despised phenomena (extensions of human faculty), in all ages and among civilised and savage peoples, seems to me an interesting circumstance, deserving of accurate investigation by qualified people. Science has accepted much which history reports, and which Science till quite recently regarded as nonsense. Perhaps she may go further, and accept more of the same kind. But who are the qualified investigators? First, physicians and persons with proper knowledge of physiology—Charcot, Richet, Liébault; then psychologists—Kant, Von Hartmann, Professor Lodge, Professor William James; finally, historical and anthropological students, who know the nooks and corners of the past, and are versed in the manners of barbaric races. They can collect historical statements; but they, of course, have no right to an opinion as to the physiological and psychological value of these statements.

To none of these classes, I fear, does the editor of *Borderland* belong. He is not a trained psychologist or physiologist or historian or anthropologist. As to his qualifications in the history of the topic, take his tale, "How a Ghost was laid by a Bishop," in the sixteenth century. The story "was sent from a convent," and is "gathered" from a book printed in Paris in 1528, and "written by Adrian (*sic*) de Montalambert (*sic*), chaplain to Francis I." There are two mistakes even in the spelling of the unlucky author's name. The original pamphlet is excessively scarce, but there is a common French reprint of about 1751. Now, the tale, as Montalambert tells it, is not only an early example of a "medium" and of "raps" (which may be nonsense), but is full of queer, comic, and natural details of convent life and of grotesque behaviour on the part of ghosts and nuns. The account of the ghost making a terrible uproar; of the nuns crowding round the medium for protection; and of the medium's sense of humour getting the better of her, is an amusing and natural sketch of life. But there is not a word of all this, nor of the hysterical lass whom Montalambert supposed to be possessed, in the original narrative, but diluted and Bowdlerised and inaccurate version sent to Mr. Stead from a convent. The very date is all wrong; the facts are highly incorrect—as incorrect as "the Confiteor." In fact, the document is worthless. Now, if Mr. Stead had even the lowliest qualifications for his function—those of a scholar—he would, of course, have consulted the original narrative,

and he would have returned their diluted essay to the good nuns. Mr. Huxley and Mr. Ray Lankester have frankly told Mr. Stead that in physiology and science he is unqualified, and with equal candour he has published their verdict. As a mere folk-lorist and reader of books, I have not only asserted, but I demonstrate, that, on this side, he has not the proper qualifications of knowledge and care. Persons of taste can judge for themselves about the propriety of calling Elijah a "Borderlander of the Bible," and claiming for Elijah Mr. Stead's own accomplishment of "automatic writing." What are the facts? Elijah disappeared in a chariot of fire: where he disappeared to we do not know. Some years later a "writing" came to King Jehoram from Elijah. The Book of Kings says nothing of this; it occurs in Chronicles II. xi. 12. This is no place for Biblical criticism, but Mr. Stead must know the critical opinion of Chronicles, and it does not become us to speculate as to where Elijah was when he wrote. The translators believe him to have been alive when he wrote. One would prefer the opinion of a scholar—say, of Mr. Robertson Smith—to that of Mr. Stead.

Mr. Stead, then, is no judge of the physiological or psychological value of his facts: as to their historical bearings, he is either ignorant or indolent, and incurious. He believes himself to practise "automatic writing," and he is able to write down Lady Brooke's ideas about an article



of his own before he receives a reply to his question. This is hardly marvellous. We could write down most reviews of our own books that appear, even if we did not know the authors of the reviews. There are stereotyped remarks, *clichés*, which are always reproduced. If we knew the reviewer, we could divine his comments readily enough. Mr. Stead says that he does, automatically, more extraordinary things than this. Very well. There are several French *savants* who will probably publish his feats in the proper place if he gives them the opportunity. To own an accomplishment attributed to the Prophet Elijah does not constitute a qualification for editing a review of the psychologically abnormal.

Mr. Stead's journal illustrates the slackness of ghosts or the disdain of ghostseers. Would one not expect a few new ghosts to be seen in the course of the quarter (nay, they have been seen!), and the seers to hurry to Mr. Stead with fresh visions? He has not one, but he has a new version of the exploded "slate-trick" of Slade, and he has some so-called communications from President Lincoln, and some directions "to call fools into a circle" of gaping Spiritualists. These "circles" are a mere mechanism for producing hysteria, as a rule. After fifty years of them, there is, perhaps, hardly a vestige of evidence fit to go to a jury, unless it be in the case of Home and Mr. Crookes and Mr. Hamilton Aide. That injury, mental and physical, results for the sensitive is matter of certainty. In brief, except Miss X's paper on Crystal-gazing, there is nothing of value, to my mind, in the whole *fatras*. Miss X. writes well, like an educated lady, and, in spite of her visions, she seems not to have a shred of superstition. Mr. Stead's own automatic performances are for the

physiologist and psychologist to examine, not "for those who circle round and round." The whole periodical seems to suggest the text: "Meanwhile the Lord stirred up against Jehoram the spirit of the Philistines." Mr. Stead will stir the spirit of the Philistines to rage against his topics, and he has already made one folk-lorist feel that even his branch of the study is discredited.

WORKSOP ABBEY.

Recently the old Priory of Worksop, a thirteenth-century building, passed into the hands of the Cowley Fathers. The abbey was founded as early as 1103 by William de Lovetot, and in its buildings are still to be distinguished portions of the work of the twelfth century and some very beautiful fragments of that of the thirteenth. The appearance of the abbey has been much altered by restorations, both of ancient and modern date; and the monastic choir has entirely disappeared, excepting portions of its foundations which have been discovered from time to time. It seems that it was once taken down and rebuilt, at about the same time as the still existing Lady Chapel was erected. The choir then built was a structure of five bays, and contained many magnificent tombs of the De Lovetot and De Furnival families, as well as those of the great Sir Thomas Nevil and his wife. The nave, with the aisles and western towers, was altered in the fifteenth century, and has undergone restoration in recent times, which has further changed its appearance.

Our sketch shows the picturesque little chapel or shrine adjoining the entrance to the abbey precincts. It has a doorway on each side to allow the devotees to kneel for a few moments before the figure of the Virgin on their way through the chapel. The building is elaborately panelled and groined internally, and the exterior is enriched with niches, canopies, and sculptured figures. It is a charming portion of the old Priory, and the restoration will prove a very interesting work.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The signs are that the fight over the Parish Councils Bill will be keener than has been thought likely. The Government will stand, no doubt, by their promises to safeguard Church rights as made through Mr. Fowler; but Mr. Fowler went at least as far as Nonconformists are likely to permit, and the clergy are asking more than Mr. Fowler promised. The control of the charities has been spoken of by men like Mr. Joseph Arch as the most desirable feature of the Bill. There will certainly be a fight, in which the Church question will be raised. It must not be overlooked that such a fight would probably make any dealing with the Welsh Establishment impossible in the present Parliament. It is worth noting that while in all the diocesan conferences and in the Church newspapers the Bill has been thoroughly discussed, it has been almost ignored by Nonconformists so far as details are concerned.

It is to be lamented that the depression of trade has affected subscriptions to churches and religious societies everywhere. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has lost several thousands; the profits of the business of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge are seriously diminished; and the burden of every report is the same. No doubt a large part of such deficiencies will be made up in due time.

It is good news that Dean Hole, the friend of Thackeray and John Leech, is about to give a course of lectures in America; for it can hardly be doubted that he will come home to do the same in England. His addresses are to be called "Familiar Talks" on the English life of the last fifty years, and will be delivered in all the great cities. Part of the profits are to be devoted to the restoration of Rochester Cathedral. There is undoubtedly a reviving interest in lectures. Lecturing fell into the hands of bores, and became unprofitable. When really clever men take it up it will become a greater institution than it has ever been before.

There can be no question that the appointment of Bishop Alexander of Derry to an Archbishopric—whether of Dublin or of Armagh—would be most popular in England. The Bishop and his accomplished wife were large contributors to the *Dublin University Magazine* during its most brilliant period, and I believe many of their contributions are still unprinted. Dr. Alexander is a great platform orator as well as a most eloquent preacher.

The religious census shows that of the pure Indian population the Roman Catholics number 207,000; the Church of England 197,000; the Baptists 197,000; the Presbyterians 33,000, and the Congregationalists 46,000. But the most remarkable feature of the census is to find the Salvation Army lumped with half a dozen other small sects, with only 1229 converts in all.

I have come across two clerical curiosities this week. In the *Church Times* "Peter Lombard," who is understood to be an accomplished city rector, says that a former pupil of his, who plays Ophelia, "sings the mad songs which it was the fashion to omit, and does it in such a way, too, that she wins respect and admiration all round."

The other is the peroration of a sermon preached by the Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang, Moderator of the United Free Church of Scotland: "Now your minister said to me, 'A Moderator of the General Assembly was never in St. Thomas's Church before.' Very well, recollect one thing—that the Moderator of the General Assembly said as his last word for the Church to each person among you: 'Fain would I make thee a Christian.'"



PHEASANT-SHOOTING.



THE SOUTH AFRICAN QUESTION: A SKIRMISH.

ART NOTES.

The winter exhibitions are now in full cry, and from Bond Street to Pall Mall East there is much happy hunting ground for those to whom the pursuit of pictures is an occupation or a relaxation. Postponing for the present any detailed notice of the Institute of Painters in Oils and of the Society of British Artists, we may say that, while the latter opens its hundredth exhibition with a show far above the level of many previous years, the former scarcely rises to its usual standard, although many of its members show no failure in manual dexterity.

Of the minor exhibitions, that of the works of Mr. Albert Goodwin at the Fine Art Society's Gallery (New Bond Street) is in many respects the most attractive. His delicate fancy and refined taste give Mr. Goodwin a prominent place among the artists of the day. Latterly he has devoted himself more exclusively to water-colour painting, and probably most who visit the present exhibition will agree that his strength lies in that direction. In his earlier works, especially in those illustrating some of the stories from "The Arabian Nights," Mr. Goodwin allowed his fancy to run riot with his colour-box, and the result is a confusion of tones, which is often perplexing to the bystander. This is especially noticeable in such compositions as "Sindbad unloading his Raft," "The Sultan on the Borders of the Enchanted Lake," and one or two others. On the other hand, one cannot fail to recognise the power and beauty of his more domestic pictures, such as "Old Maidstone Lock," "The Harbour Bar at Bideford Bay," and his obviously favourite study, "St. Michael's Mount."

In his use of water colours Mr. Goodwin is able to give free play to his fancy, whether in imaginative or direct work, without running the same risks. We may smile at his idea of Dives working out his sentence at the foot of a Giotto-like palace, presumably that of Satan, and dissent from his interpretation of Dante's "Inferno"; but we are forced to recognise that they are the outcome of a man who thinks deeply and works conscientiously. It is, however, by his notes of travel at home and abroad that Mr. Goodwin appeals to the largest public. The West of England, and especially North Devon; Oxford, its colleges and its surroundings; Switzerland and the shores of the Mediterranean, furnish him with subjects upon which he can exercise his imagination, or from which he can draw delicate inspirations. Mount St. Michael by sunrise, by sunlight, and by moonlight are three pictures which of themselves might make the reputation of an artist, and he is scarcely less happy in his treatment of Wells, Winchelsea, Salisbury, and Exeter, all of them cities of the past over which a poetic glamour has fallen. Still more are we grateful to Mr. Goodwin for having rescued from undeserved neglect Dorchester—not the town of that name, but the forgotten village on the Thame, which still nestles under the shadow of one of the most stately abbeys of England. How many of the hundreds who every summer pass from Oxford to Windsor by the river think of turning aside up the narrow stream which has imposed its name upon its greater confluent? Woolacombe Sands, Clovelly, and the woods round

Ifracombe are also spots on which Mr. Goodwin delights to dwell, and to contrast their softer beauty and richer haze with the bright air of Lugano and Lausanne. In a similar way, Oxford and Siena afford him the opportunity of placing side by side the geniuses which presided over the building up of two beautiful cities.

The exhibition at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery (Haymarket) contains an unusually large number of pictures of Academic

conceived upon a somewhat different plan. Instead of the vault of heaven over the familiar marble terrace, we have a richly painted arching, which, however, throws no shadow upon the two damsels—one fair and the other dark—who share with an oleander-tree in bloom the foreground of the picture. Over the balustrade one catches a glimpse of red-roofed temples near at hand and the deep blue sea in the distance; but the interest of the picture centres in the standing figure of the girl who is looking over the marble parapet for the approach of one whose choice has to be made between her and her friend.

There could scarcely be found a greater gulf in art than that which lies between Mr. Alma-Tadema and M. Dagnan-Bouveret, the most uncompromising painter of life as he sees it. "Dans la Forêt," which attracted so much attention in Paris, is a powerfully painted picture, but bearing on its face too much the idea of a composition. The labourers are resting after their mid-day meal, and listening to the tunes which one of them is producing from his rustic fiddle. The faces of the men, weatherbeaten and toil-marked, are remarkably fine; but it would be hard to say that the picture is a pleasing one, while the obvious arrangement of the group shows too much preparation to give the scene the idea of an impromptu gathering. Mr. David Farquharson's fine stretch of shore, "Flowery May"; Mr. B. W. Leader's "Eventide"; a picture by John Linnell, "Golden Autumn," painted in 1857; a fine bit of a cavalcade of horsemen in armour, full of colour and movement, painted by Sir John Gilbert in 1878; two pictures by Mr. H. W. B. Davis, "The Gloaming" and "When the Kye Come Home," painted at an interval of thirteen or fourteen years; and Miss Maude Goodman's "When the Heart is Young," are among the most interesting of the English pictures. The foreigners are headed by M. Bouguereau, who shows his versatility in the production of religious work like the "Virgin and Child," painted five years ago, and of such secular subjects as "Une Offrande à l'Amour," in which a group of small cupids are disporting themselves in a grove. Both pictures display M. Bouguereau's accurate and masterly drawing. M. Van Haanen's "Venetian Fête," Professor Carl Müller's "Courtyard of the Doge's Palace," and M. Julius Dupré's "Haytime" are other good instances of Continental art.



"LA CIGALE."—BY CHARLES SAINTON.

EXHIBITED AT THE BURLINGTON GALLERY, OLD BOND STREET.
(Purchased by H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.)

size and importance, and is historically interesting in affording an opportunity of comparing the earlier and later works of several well-known artists. The principal work, and also the most recent, is a large Scotch landscape by Mr. Peter Graham, R.A., "Among the Hills," in which his usual "receipt" is prepared with more than usual care and skill. The damp moorland over which the shaggy "kylies" are wending, the dark hills half covered with cloud and mist, with here and there a glint of pale moving sunlight, are all rendered with consummate knowledge and perfect accuracy. Not less interesting, and certainly not less minutely painted, is Mr. Alma-Tadema's "Unconscious Rivals"—op. ccxxi., as he carefully notes. It is, of course, in his customary style since he threw himself entirely into the Neo-Classic school, but it has the advantage of being

together his "Flights of Fancy," which show also a proper regard for fact in their careful draughtsmanship. Mr. Sinton is perhaps well advised to establish himself in public favour by his drawings in silver-point; but no one who carefully examines these figures can doubt that he is capable of going further in his art. His fancy is on the present occasion more wandering and varied than in previous exhibitions of his works, and we recognise with much pleasure that he can realise and do justice to many types of beauty. Softness of outline and peacefulness of pose are the leading characteristics of his work, and the specimens here reproduced will show that he has added to these qualities firmness and self-confidence, which are necessary ingredients of success.



"EVENING."—BY CHARLES SAINTON.

EXHIBITED AT THE BURLINGTON GALLERY, OLD BOND STREET.



"WINTER."—BY CHARLES SAINTON.

EXHIBITED AT THE BURLINGTON GALLERY, OLD BOND STREET.

A JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO: 'SKETCHES BY' G. MONTBARD.

In the great plain north of Alcazar considerable rivers, those of the Wady Warour or Ouamarour, and the El ma Hassen, fertilising the province of El Gharb, flow westward, to meet the Wady el Koos, and to find their joint outlet on the Atlantic coast at Larash. The town of Alcazar, or El Kasr el Kebir, has already been described as a squalid and unwholesome place, chiefly notable for its historical associations with the overthrow of the Portuguese dominion in the latter part of the sixteenth

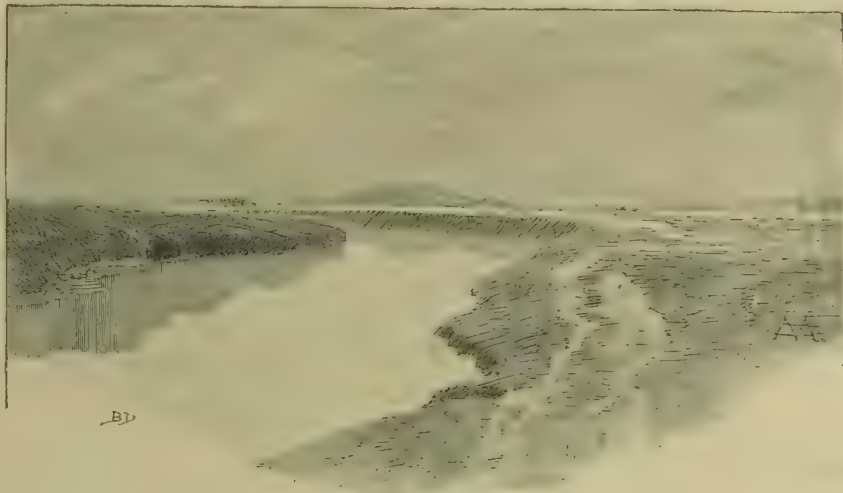
century. Its environs are far less pleasing than those of Wazan; the fields and orchards have been despoiled by wasteful neglect; here and there, as in the sketch, are seen a few melancholy, stunted, and mutilated olives. In this town are no such fine mosques as



OLIVE-TREES NEAR ALCAZAR.



ALCAZAR.



THE WADY WAROUR.

the one built at Wazan by Mulai Abdullah Sherceef, the brick minaret of which has its walls elegantly faced with decorative porcelain. The traces of Portuguese civilisation, except in some roads or causeways and bridges, have almost been effaced from the interior of this land, over which European rule was established during seventy years, extending down the coast so far south as Mogador. Except in the vicinity of towns on the main routes of North African commerce, Morocco is a country of desolate landscapes, with grand mountain ranges, inhabited by wild highlanders like the Beni M'Sara, a manly and independent race of fair complexioned folk, armed with long flintlock guns, who refuse to pay taxes to the Sultan like the timid people of the plains.

Mr. Walter B. Harris, who visited the Beni M'Sara, gives this account of them: "By profession

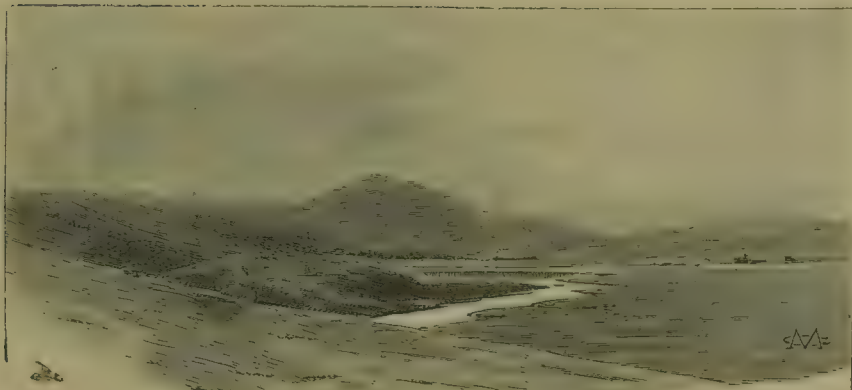


A MOOR.

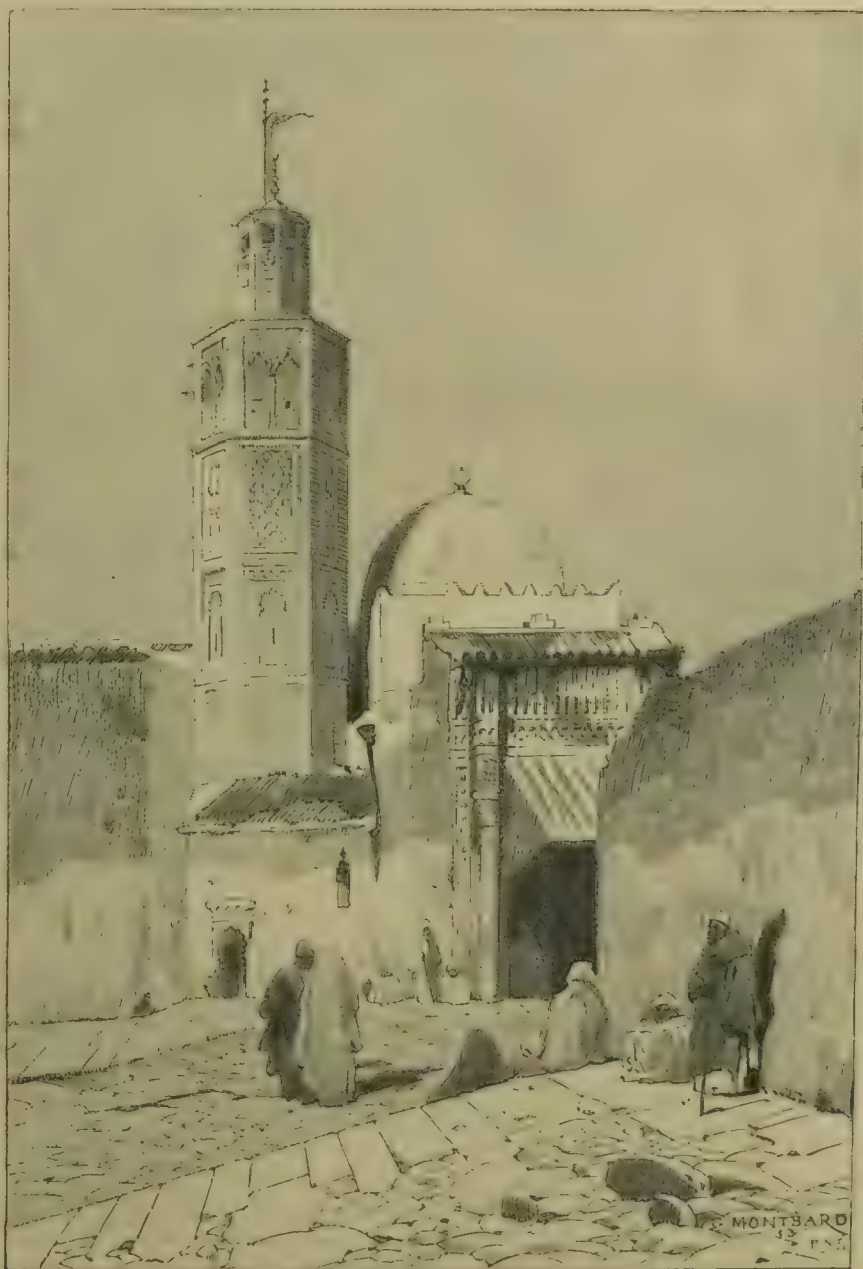


A BLACK SINGER.

they are robbers, who organise bands and steal the cattle and women of the neighbouring tribes. All the mountaineer tribes are continually stealing women, who are put up for sale and bought by the highest bidder. These women are trained to dance, of an evening, in the long rooms of the mountaineers' houses. I have been present at such festivities. They are dressed in gorgeous clothing with gold embroidery, strings of beads around their necks, bracelets and ankles on their wrists and feet, the hair in long plaits, bound over the forehead with silk scarves and chains of coins; and they keep their faces unveiled. They are far better treated than the wives of the town Moors; though never married, they continue to live with one man only, and do not seem to regret being kidnapped from their native tribe."



THE DJEBEL BENI M'SARA.



A MOSQUE AT WAZAN.

"PHOTOGRAVURES OF WESTERN NORWAY."



OFF AALESUND.



ICE RIVER, HAUKEID-SÆTER-ROAD.

The yearly increasing rush of summer visitors to Norway is good evidence that its attractions are real and not imaginary, and that people do not expose themselves to the doubtful mercies of the North Sea without the prospect of reward. Mr. E. J. Goodman, who has already shown his acquaintance with the country, now comes forward to explain briefly Herr Paul Lange's Photogravures (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.), and to act as cicerone on the journey from Stavanger to Molde and Romsdal. The country actually traversed is not very extensive when measured by the capabilities of modern globe-trotters, but it contains numerous places of interest, and, what is of almost equal importance, plenty of comfortable resting-places. The last few years have wonderfully developed the catering powers of our Scandinavian hosts; and for those who are not too venturesome it is possible to avoid a continuous course of *flodbrød* and *gammel ost*, which twenty years ago formed the staple of diet to be found along even the main roads. By selecting Stavanger as our landing-place, we lose the almost special features of Flekkefjord, as well as the bold coast scenery along the Ness. On the other hand, we are sooner introduced to the romantic beauty of the broad Hardangerfjord, and thence through to Suddals Porten we enter upon the more distinctive Norwegian scenery, with its dome-shaped hills or mountains covered with pine-woods descending precipitously on to expanses of deep blue water. From Næs our journey through Bratlandsdal—in many places singularly misnamed—is a pleasant alternation of steamer and carriage, passing by Breifond, almost if not quite the most elevated hotel in Norway, where the red and green bodices of the Hardanger maidens are still met with. From Røldal fine excursions may be made by pedestrians among the mountain gorges, through which, in the earlier part of



A MAROK WOMAN IN BRIDAL COSTUME.

the season, huge masses of ice are brought down to the lake below. Those less adventurous will probably make at once for Odde, the Capua or Interlaken of Norway, but possessing one great sight: a waterfall of nearly 700 ft. in height. Some miles to the north we come upon what is perhaps justly regarded as the most attractive bit of scenery in the west. The Nærodal from Stalheim to Gudvangen, including the upper part of the Sognefjord, is an ever-changing panorama of unsurpassed beauty, and Mr. Goodman urges travellers to turn aside to Balholm, on Fjærlandfjord, of which he speaks in terms of high admiration; but probably most people, especially if visiting Norway for the first time, will hasten on to the Geirangerfjord, flanked in some places by precipitous rocks 5000 ft. in height. Marok, with its quaintly dressed inhabitants, at the head of the fjord, now offers good accommodation, and no place will probably be more likely to tempt the traveller to a prolonged stay, unless he is bound for the Romsdal, which is generally regarded as the Mecca of all pilgrims to Scandinavia.

Here we take leave of our pleasant and not garrulous guide. Within a very small compass he manages to compress a mass of valuable information for intending travellers, while Herr Lange either prepares them for what they shall see or reminds us of pleasant days and nights in the land of the midnight sun. It is difficult for us, after visiting these wild scenes and their almost unbroken solitude, to understand how and where the vast hordes of people once lived who poured themselves out upon Southern Europe, and established themselves so firmly in nearly every seagirt country. There is nothing now in their quiet, kindly ways which gives a clue to the restlessness and fury which once caused their names to be associated with those of other scourges from which Christendom prayed fervently to be delivered.



HOME FROM CHURCH, ODDE.



THE FISHMARKET, BERGEN.



THE WITCH'S GOOSE-GIRL.—BY AMY SAWYER.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, looking perfectly well and young in a white straw bonnet trimmed with brown velvet and yellow osprey, a mantle with a violet velvet yoke and black silk and jet below and an ermine collar above, and a brown cloth dress with vandykes of gold braid for trimming, opened the Food and Cookery Exhibition at Portman Rooms on Oct. 24. There are two or three interesting features at these shows; one is the sight of the elementary school boys, whom the Baroness has taught to cook, as well as the girls of the same order, deedly pursuing their studies; another is the soldier and the sailor cooks hard at work making the most engaging pies, stews, and preserved meats, such as brawn. The display of table-laying was also interesting. The most charming was a tea-table for which the Goldsmiths' Company of Regent Street had lent a lovely novelty—pierced silver tea and coffee cup-holders and accessories to match; a central pierced silver basket held a delicious combination of purple heath, chrysanthemums of a shade lighter, and smilax; and *petits fours* of variety of shape and colour finished the most delightful ensemble. In contrast was just the worst dinner-table I ever saw, which is much to say. The silver centre-piece was like a soup-tureen, and was coarsely filled with too bright mixed flowers, which looked yet worse in the specimen glasses, each containing a blue corn-flower, a scarlet geranium, and a gardenia, rising in set tiers; and then, to improve matters, each glass had a big bow of orange corded ribbon tied round it; the menu-cards had unwholesome-looking dried plants stuck on them, and the candle-shades were yellow, while the wine-glasses were red!

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NEW MUSIC.

Messrs. Novello and Co. have recently published a volume of "Mozart's Songs," which should prove a welcome addition to the vocalist's repertory. Mozart did not write a great number of *Lieder*; he only composed them occasionally, but what he did write were beautiful in the extreme. Otto Jahn, in his biography of the great master, describes the songs as the result of "friendship or social circumstances." Few of them were published, because the manuscripts generally remained in the possession of the people for whom they were written, and this is probably the reason why many of Mozart's songs were attributed to others, while some he never wrote at all were attributed to him. Everyone will agree with Otto Jahn that "the crown of all the songs, by virtue of its touching expression of emotion and its charming perfection of form, is unquestionably Goethe's 'Veilchen.' In other songs we discern musical genius divining and bringing to light the poetic germ which lies hidden in the words; here we have the impression made upon Mozart by true poetry. . . . He does not seem to have sought out any poems for composition, but took what came. . . . Mozart's labours as a song-composer are not by any means on a level with those in the other branches of his art, although even here his artistic nature could not fail to make itself felt." There are nineteen exquisite songs in this valuable and interesting collection, and they are transposed for a medium voice, with German and English words—the excellent translation being by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, D.D. From the same firm we have, "Fifteen Vocalises" by J. Concone (edited by Signor Randegger), which students will find very useful; "Three Dances" for violin and pianoforte from Edward German's beautiful music from "Henry VIII.," "Lady let the rolling drums," a good stirring song by Sebastian B. Schlesinger; and "Ask what thou wilt," a pleasing ballad by M. G. Gillington and Harvey Löhr.

It is our lot to be compelled to review such an amount of worthless music that if anything better than the ordinary standard reaches us we are rather apt to regard it with gratitude. Some pieces have come from a foreign house whose name is new to us—the Freien musikalischen Vereinigung, in Berlin. Among these the first that claim attention are the compositions of Otto Oberholtzer. It is a long time since such intrinsically refined and original songs as his "Drei Lieder," for baritone, came under our notice. The first, entitled "Rückblick," is a short, plaintive ballad, full of dramatic sentiment. The second, "Abreise," is exquisitely dainty and light; while the third, "Des Auges Blau," has a melody overflowing with tenderness and sympathy. Another song from the same pen, "Es ist die Liebe," is also far above the average. Otto Oberholtzer understands the art of writing for the voice. His melodies are musicianly to the core, his accompaniments classical, and, be it said, a trifle difficult, and his style chaste. The addition of English words is all that is needed to make these songs popular in this country. Still attractive in their way, but entirely different, are the vocal pieces by Wilhelm Freudenberg. "Süsse Bettelei," "Verwandlungen," and "Am Waldessaum," are all well

written, the latter being a particularly good song for dramatic soprano. "Fünf Lieder" by Hedwig Rosenfeld, are charming. We like them all, but the gem is undoubtedly that entitled "Ein kleines Lied." "Zwei Lieder" and "Ständchen," for bass, are musicianly songs by Moritz Scharf. All these have German words only. Cellists will like Wilhelm Freudenberg's pretty "Spanischer Tanz" and Philipp Roth's clever "Acht Charakterstücke"; while to pianists we recommend "Zwei Klavierstücke" by Otto Oberholtzer (only suitable for well-advanced performers); a capital "Rhapsodie," by Frank L. Linbert; "Zwei kleine Stücke," a "Militär-Marsch," and "Hand-in-Hand" polka-mazurka—all three by Robert Thieme.

Returning to English publications, we notice a new song by Tito Mattei, from Patey and Willis. "With all my heart" cannot boast originality, but will no doubt please the general taste. It has words by Frederic E. Weatherly. "Sister mine," by Mary Mark-Lemon and A. H. Behrend, and "Row, row," by Claude Maxwell and Mrs. Arthur Goodeve, are both commonplace; but "The Snow-drift," by A. Valdemar and C. F. Horan, has more originality and depth of idea. Amongst the dance music from this firm, "L'Etoile d'Amour" valse, by Max Werner, and "Zingarella," a Spanish waltz by Felix Burns, should find favour; while "The dance on the hearth" (Hungarian reminiscence), by S. Cope, "Lady Disdain," by Cecil Neilson, and "Souvenir in F," by F. Maker, are fairly acceptable pieces for piano.

From Phillips and Page we have "Jericho's Jams!" and "When sunny summer ripens corn," two songs from Ernest Ford's merry operetta "Mr. Jericho"; an effective song entitled "All the world to me," by Edward Oxenford and H. C. Tonking; "Six sonatas," without octaves, by G. Sarakowski; and No. 5 of Phillips and Page's admirable little shilling dance album. "For thee alone" is a high-class, attractive song by J. Jacques Haakman, published by Charles Woodhouse, from whom we have also "An Idyll," an excellent piece for pianoforte by Mary Whitaker. Melodious and well written are "Trois Morceaux," for the same instrument, by Gilbert Alcock; and the same words can be applied to a "Gondoliera," for violin and piano, by Emile L. Hawkins. We can speak in terms of unqualified praise of "Six two-part songs" for soprano and contralto by Joseph W. G. Hathaway, set to Charles Kingsley's words. The tunes are fresh, pretty, and taking, and the utility of the tonic sol-fa notation speaks for itself, considering that the number of students following that system are now counted by millions. These part-songs are published by Bayley and Ferguson, 14, Paternoster Row. "The Poet's Song," by R. H. Heath, is simple and pleasing (R. H. Heath, Redruth, Cornwall).

Some rather pretty songs reach us from Edward Willis and Co. Amongst these we like Joseph L. Roeckel's dainty composition, "In a Norman Street," words by Clifton Bingham; Mrs. Arthur Goodeve's charming "Song of the wood" (words by F. E. Weatherley) and "I would not love you less" (words by Clifton Bingham); Antonio L. Mora's graceful "For You" (poem by Edward Oxenford);

Frank L. Moir's attractively written "Silent Highway" (words by "Rosina"); and Edward St. Quentin's vigorous "Old Ship" (words by Stanhope Gray). "The Young Vocalist" is a set of nice little songs for school use, words by Ann Taylor, music by Stephen Glover. "Marinella," by Arthur Thompson McElvoy, and "A Wayside Flower," by Louis Meyer, are two tuneful pieces for piano; and "Gwinda" is a pretty dance for violin and piano, by Odoardo Barri.

Japan is to have two new Anglican Bishops, and one of them has just accepted the Archbishop's invitation. He is the Rev. Henry Evington, a graduate of Pembroke College, Oxford, who devoted himself to the foreign mission field before it had become rather the fashion for earnest young men to volunteer for work abroad. Mr. Evington was ordained and went out to Japan in 1874, when missionary enterprise there was far less simple and safe than it is now. He has in all respects shown himself a thoroughly capable worker, and has enjoyed in a peculiar degree the confidence and regard of his fellow-workers. Bishop Bickersteth, on his appointment to Japan, made Mr. Evington an examining chaplain, and has always found in him a trusted counsellor.

Our compliments to Colonel Bengough, C.B. It is not often that a soldier can be got to talk candidly in public about soldiers' clothes. It is true that Colonel Bengough's discourse on military dress and equipment was delivered to a military audience, but it has been read by other persons. What has the War Office to say to it? Colonel Bengough talked so sensibly, and, on the whole, so much to the point, that the War Office may not have been entirely pleased. For it is to be feared that reforms in military tailoring are likely to receive but the coldest encouragement from the authorities. If it were otherwise, we should have had suggestions of reform in this matter before now. Colonel Bengough thinks that "three rational suits" should serve a soldier—a fighting dress, a review dress, and a fatigue dress. This is a reasonable allowance, but we should have liked Colonel Bengough to say precisely how much he thought that each of these suits ought to cost. This is important, because the truth (scarcely known outside the service) is that, under present regulations, none but a well-to-do man can join a crack regiment, the clothes cost so much! There are one or two humorous points in this connection. One is that the expensive fripperies of the British officer serve no purpose but that of ornament. It may cost an officer a hundred pounds to dress himself fully for a review or a Drawing-Room. But what he is compelled to wear then is packed away immediately he is ordered on foreign service. When he is called on to do his business proper as a fighting-man, a five-pound note covers him in serviceable khaki. Ours is the most bedizened army in Europe, and no other country wastes so much money on mere military gewgaws. Officers of most Continental armies live in their uniforms. Our officers pay fabulous prices for clothes which they never wear, save on parade or on State occasions. These extravagances were not known before Waterloo.

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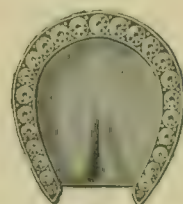
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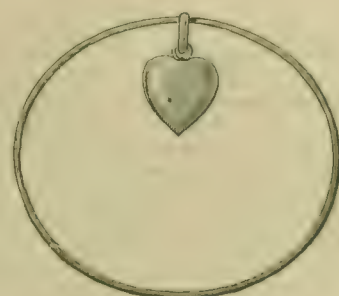
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MUSIC.

Dr. Henry Hiles, whose overture, "Youth," was played for the first time at the Crystal Palace Concerts on Oct. 28, is one of the best-known musical men in the North of England, and more especially prominent in Manchester, where he has resided for upwards of thirty years. He is lecturer on harmony and composition at Owens College and the Victoria University, Manchester, and a professor at the Royal College of Music there, and he has been the conductor of various musical societies. Dr. Hiles also took an active part in the formation of the institution now known as the National Society of Musicians. His compositions comprise an oratorio, "The Patriarchs," a couple of cantatas, numerous church pieces, and a large quantity of organ and pianoforte music. The new overture, which is, perhaps, his most ambitious work for orchestra, is, as its title indicates, an endeavour to illustrate the energy and enthusiasm of youth together with the general poetic sentiments and yearnings of early life. The themes are certainly full of animation and buoyancy, while their handling and development reveal no mean technical skill, the effect of the work, on the whole, being extremely bright and pleasing. It was favourably received.

Sir Joseph Barnby was able to give a highly satisfactory account (at the distribution of prizes on Oct. 28) of his first year of office at the Guildhall School of Music. The receipts for fees had increased by £400, and the students now number 3400—not 4300, as some of the papers afterwards had it. The enormous total of 5000 lessons were given every week in the building on the Embankment. But, while the school was growing, the standard was also improving, and Sir Joseph expressed the tolerably ambitious though pardonable intention of making it the best, even as it was now the biggest, in the world. The prizes were distributed by the Lady Mayoress, who was accompanied by the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs, the function taking place in state at the Guildhall. It was preceded by a concert, at which some particularly good choral singing was heard.

A pianoforte quartet in B minor by Herr Robert Kahn, a young musician of twenty-eight, now residing at Leipzig, was added to the repertory of the Popular Concerts on the first afternoon of the series. The name

of the composer was quite new to English amateurs, and he may consider himself fortunate to have obtained this hearing at a period when so many native writers of chamber music are waiting patiently for an opening at the "Pops." The insinuation that Mr. Arthur Chappell is prejudiced in favour of foreign talent cannot justly be made when we find him admitting native players like Mr. Gibson and Mr. Whitehouse to his quartet party, and relying week after week upon such purely English artists as Miss Fanny Davies and Mr. Leonard Borwick. Nevertheless, it may be questioned whether he accepted Herr Kahn's quartet solely on its merits, or whether he was not rather influenced in the matter by the kindly persuasion of Miss Fanny Davies, who took a brilliant part in the performance. Anyhow, the novelty was only received with moderate favour.

Mr. Leonard Borwick was again the pianist at the Popular Concerts on Oct. 28 and 30. On the Saturday he played before a crowded audience Chopin's "Funeral March" sonata with so much charm and brilliancy that it was set down "by desire" for repetition at a subsequent concert. On the Monday the clever young pianist introduced to Mr. Chappell's patrons Bach's "Suite Anglaise" in G minor, No. 3, which delightful old work he rendered with exquisite taste and the utmost delicacy of technique, repeating for an encore the quaint gavotte movement, the second portion of which bears a remarkable resemblance to the Old English tune "All round my hat I wear a green willow." Mr. Borwick was also heard with Mdlle. Wietrowetz in Brahms's fine duet sonata in D minor, Op. 108; and, finally, these two artists joined Messrs. Gibson and Whitehouse in Schumann's famous E flat quartet, the performance of which afforded the chief treat of the evening. The vocalist was Miss Jessie Hudleston, a youthful soprano from the Guildhall School of Music, who was recalled after each of her songs.

M. Paderewski had an enormous audience at his first recital of the season at St. James's Hall on Oct. 31, the receipts being the largest that he has ever taken at a single concert in London. He was in magnificent form, too, and his rendering of the Schumann sonata, Op. 11, and the Ballade, Etude, and Polonaise that formed part of his

Chopin selection will not quickly be forgotten. The second section of the programme included an Air with Variations from a manuscript "English Suite," lately composed by M. Paderewski, and now in the hands of his London publishers. The surprise of the audience on finding the air to be "Home, Sweet Home" was not unmixed with amusement and even disappointment. The accomplished virtuoso might have found amid our store of national tunes something a trifle less hackneyed. Nevertheless, his variations proved to be extremely clever, and he played them, of course, to perfection.

Mr. William Wallace, whose new orchestral prelude to "The Eumenides of Aeschylus" was performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts on Oct. 21, is a native of Greenock. He studied for some time at the Royal Academy under Dr. Mackenzie and Mr. F. W. Davenport, but he may, in a great measure, be regarded as self-taught. Mr. Wallace's latest composition reveals the same earnestness of purpose and command of technical resource that gained attention for his symphonic poem, "The Passing of Beatrice," which Mr. Manns brought out at the Crystal Palace a year ago; and it also shows a creditable endeavour to escape from the trammels of a pronounced Wagner influence. The picturesque and cleverly scored prelude was admirably executed, and at the end the young composer bowed his thanks from the platform for a hearty recall. At the same concert Mdlle. Frida Scotta displayed skilful technique and an intelligent style in Saint-Saëns's third violin concerto; and Miss Emma Juch and Mr. David Bispham made their debuts here, the prima donna appearing for the first time since she sang in opera in London some years since.

An inquest was held in Chelsea, on Oct. 31, on the body of Eva Lynch-Blosse, who shot herself at her residence in Whitehead's Grove. It was stated that the deceased, who was only twenty-six years old, having obtained a divorce from her first husband, Captain E. F. Lynch-Blosse, married a man named Booth, who is now insane. The evidence showed that the lady had been frequently visited by Captain F. C. Howard, who committed suicide on Oct. 26.

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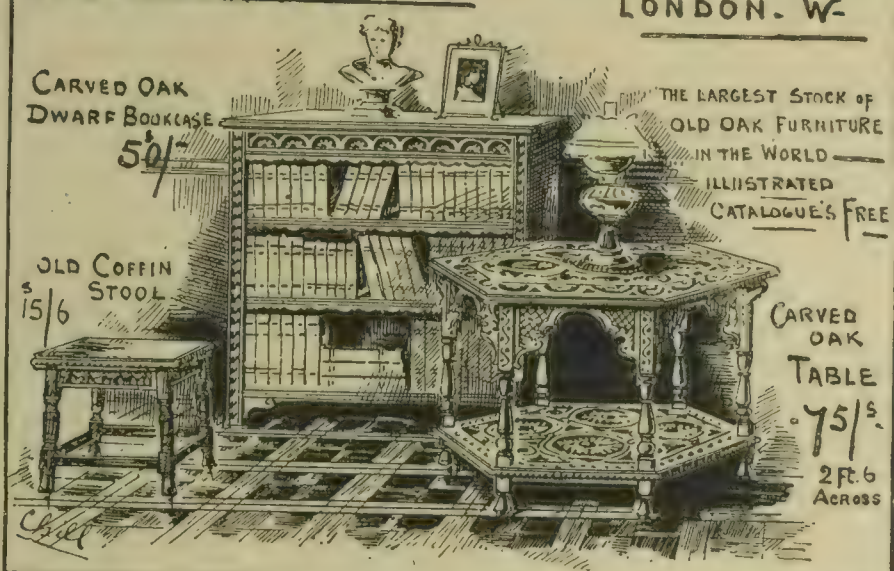
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of office of the Sheriff of the county of Argyll at Inverary, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated April 21, 1884) of Sir William Mackinnon, Bart., of Loup and Ballinakill, Argyllshire, and of Strathaird in the Isle of Skye, who died at the Burlington Hotel, London, on June 22, granted to Duncan Mackinnon, Dame Janet Colquhoun Jameson or Mackinnon, the relict, and Peter Mackinnon and John Mackinnon, the nephews, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 24, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £560,000.

The will (dated April 25, 1893) of Mr. John Henry Daniell, C.B., late of Fairchildes, near Warlingham, Surrey, and of 102, Eaton Square, who died on May 20, was proved on Oct. 20 by Henry Averell Daniell and Arthur Stewart Daniell, the sons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £125,000. The testator bequeaths £25,000 each to his sons, Henry Averell, Arthur Stewart, and John Alan Le Norreys, an additional £1000 to his son Arthur Stewart; £15,000 each to his daughters, Sybil Mary Katharine and Maud Evelyn Sessa; and his plate to his sons Henry Averell and Arthur Stewart for distribution in accordance with any memoranda he may leave. His mansion house, Fairchildes, and Fairchild, Pickleshole, and Scott's Hall, farms in the counties of Surrey and Kent, with all his furniture and household effects, horses, carriages, and farming stock at Fairchildes, he leaves to his son Arthur Stewart; and his mansion house, the Lodgers, and Broom Lodge, and Little Farleigh Green farms, in the county of Surrey, and all other (if any) his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold estates in the counties of Surrey and Kent, with all his furniture and household effects at the Lodgers and 102, Eaton Square, to his son Henry Averell. The residue of his property he gives to his three sons.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the county of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and

settlement (dated July 21, 1893) of Mr. George Freer, late of 29, Melville Street, Edinburgh, who died at Fellside, Moffat, Dumfries, on Aug. 3, granted to Mrs. Emily Mary Anne Gordon, the mother, Archibald Alexander Gordon, and Ebenezer Erskine Scott, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Oct. 13, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £51,000.

The will (dated Oct. 30, 1891) of Mr. James Toovey, formerly of 177, Piccadilly, and late of Manresa, Hendon, who died on Sept. 7, was proved on Oct. 20 by Charles James Toovey, the son, Miss Eliza Mary Toovey, the daughter, and John Croft Deverell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £26,000. The testator bequeaths £100 each to his executors; £100 each to his children; an additional £500 and his house, 11, New Bond Street, to his son, William John Michael, conditionally on his paying £4000 to his estate; and he gives to his son Charles James the option of purchasing all the books and manuscripts in his possession at his death and his volume of autograph letters, for £8000, and if he does not elect to purchase same, they are to be sold by his trustees. The £4000 and the £8000 (or the proceeds of the sale of the said books, manuscripts, and letters) are to be held, upon trust, for his daughter, Eliza Mary, for life, and then for his four sons, Charles James, William John Michael, Henry Edmund, and Alfred Francis, in equal shares. The residue of his property he gives to his said daughter.

The will (dated Jan. 18, 1892), with two codicils (both dated June 27, 1893), of Mr. Alexander Tod, late of Walmer, Kent, who died on July 8, was proved on Oct. 18 by John Henry Tod, and Alexander Maxwell Tod, the sons, the acting executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £26,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 to his wife, Mrs. Louisa Tod; £10,000 upon trust for each of his daughters, Anna Gemmel Ogilvie, Eleanor Marion Paxton, Alice Emma Christian, and Emily Jane Latcefev Tod; a further £2500, out of certain policies on

his life, upon trust for his daughter, Mrs. Ogilvie; and other legacies. The legacies to his daughters are subject to abatement in the event of his residuary, real, and personal estate, with the moneys of which his wife is entitled to receive the income under the trusts of a settlement, not amounting to £60,000. The residue of his property he leaves in moieties upon various trusts for his sons, John Henry and Alexander Maxwell, their wives and families.

The will (dated Dec. 13, 1893) of the Hon. Leopold William Henry Fox-Powys, late of 16, Queensberry Place, Kensington, who died on July 18, was proved on Oct. 25 by the Earl of Gosford, K.P., and the Hon. and Rev. Edward Victor Robert Powys, the brother, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £13,000. The testator bequeaths £20 each to University College Hospital, for the cancer ward, and the Warrington Infirmary; £250 each to his married daughters, to be paid out of the proceeds of the sale of his house in Queensberry Place; and other legacies. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives equally to his daughters who shall survive him and be spinsters. He appoints, under a settlement, his one-third share of certain leasehold property at Kennington, known as the Lambeth Wyke estate, upon various trusts for all his daughters.

The will of Colonel Francis Coningsby Harman Clarke, retired R.A., late of Colombo, Ceylon, and 15, Brunswick Place, Brighton, who died on Aug. 27, was proved on Oct. 16 by Mrs. Elizabeth Stainton Clarke, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £5079.

The will (dated June 7, 1884) of Major-General Charles Cornwallis Johnston, formerly R.E., late of 74, Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who died on Aug. 26 at Eastbourne, was proved on Oct. 20 by Richard Collyer Johnston, the son, and Clement Upperton, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £12,000. The testator, out of the trust funds under his marriage settlement, appoints an annuity of £40 to his son Charles James; and

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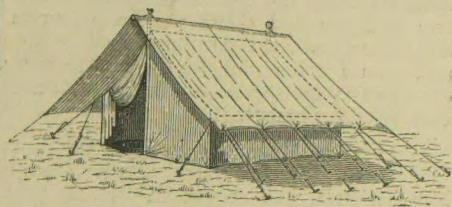
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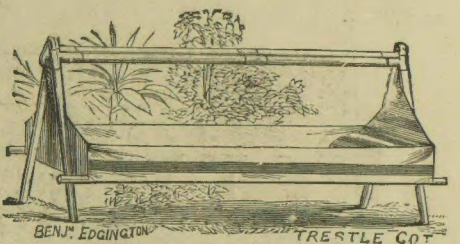
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the remainder of the said trust funds to his daughter Letitia Eliza Hunter, and his sons William Pears, James Tayler, Robert George, Herbert Dent, and Richard Collyer, in equal shares. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his daughters Rose Susan Johnston and Marie Harriet Laws, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 29, 1892) of Dame Constance Marianne McMahon, late of 40, Queen's Gate, who died on Sept. 19, was proved on Oct. 19 by the Rev. Albert Basil Orme Wilberforce, Canon of Winchester, and Owen Edward Hayter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testator gives legacies to relatives, servants, and executors; and the residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, for her daughter Constance Caroline Eleanor Brooking, for life, and then for her children in equal shares. During her daughter's minority the testatrix directs £800 per annum to be applied for her benefit.

The will of Mr. Hugh Seymour Tremenheere, C.B., late of 43, Thurlow Square, who died on Sept. 16 at Farnborough, was proved on Oct. 20 by George Marcus Parker, and Mrs. Evelyn Westfaling Parker, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £4085.

The will of Mr. Thomas Daniel, late of the Reform Club, Pall Mall, and Lansdowne Crescent, Kensington Park, who died on June 26 at Magnolia, Massachusetts, has been proved by Miss Emily Catherine Daniel and Frederic Thomas Daniel, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3729.

The will of Henry Denman Macaulay, retired lieutenant R.N., nephew of the late Lord Macaulay, late of 81, St.

George's Square, who died on June 19, has been proved by Mrs. Selina Maude Macaulay, the widow, Joseph Babington Macaulay, the brother, and Howard Macaulay, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £2717.

Many travellers in Lakeland will be interested to hear that the Rev. H. M. Fletcher has resigned the rectory of Grasmere, and becomes vicar of Nackington, Kent.

Messrs. Marion and Co., of 22 and 23, Soho Square, send us the first instalment of Christmas cards, which combine a card and photographic album or frame; some of these novelties are exceedingly artistic and charming.

Curiosity has been excited by the advertisement of "a nobleman by descent (mother's side), thirty-five, single; but not by means or education, who is harassed by Plebeians." This anonymous aristocrat appeals for help to any "fellow bloodsman." How he happens to be single, though not in consequence of his means or training, is not explained. Nor are we told how the Plebeians are harassing him. Perhaps it is his butcher and baker who do not appreciate nobility by descent (mother's side). Perhaps her name is really Huggins and his kinship with the aristocracy very remote. At any rate, we shall be glad to hear whether there is any rally of the "fellow bloodsmen." They may feel that in times when the House of Lords is threatened they ought to stand by their kindred. One of the first things to be done is to marry the distressed "nobleman," so that his illustrious descent may be carried on (father's side).

There is romantic news of Jabez Spencer Balfour. He is said to live in a sort of fortified chateau near Buenos Ayres. He has a bodyguard of a hundred armed men,

who can be reinforced by "special arrangement." A detective who discovered the fugitive genius of the Liberator appears to have been overawed by the retinue of this modern bandit. He was also charmed, for he describes the spot where Jabez Balfour lives as "a perfect fairyland." The Liberator Society also dwelt in a fairyland, or was it a fool's paradise? But who will snatch the wicked fairy from the midst of his myrmidons?

Nelson's ship, the Foudroyant, is still navigating the troubled seas of newspaper correspondence. There is an appeal now to public sympathy for the project of mooring the old craft against the Thames Embankment. She might be turned into a museum, and made gay with bunting on patriotic occasions, when red tape refuses to hoist the national flag on public buildings. Lectures might be given on her deck about the glories of the British Navy, with adroit references to healthy lads in the audience who seemed likely to make capital tars. In a word, there is excellent scope for an alliance of utility and ornament, for moving and picturesque associations, and for a practical stimulus to the general interest in the public service.

In Queensland, Australia, the Hon. Hugh Muir Nelson, Colonial Treasurer, has succeeded to the Premiership upon the resignation of Sir Thomas Mellwraith, who, however, retains his offices as Chief Secretary and Minister for Railways.

The first Congress of the Free Labour Association, opposed to the "tyrannous conduct of the Unions and the new dictatorship of Socialist leaders of the labouring classes, in the enforcement of senseless and abortive strikes," was held on Oct. 31, in the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell, Mr. J. Chandler presiding, attended by many delegates from different parts of the country.

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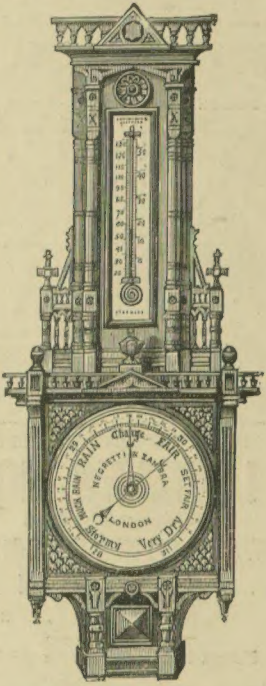
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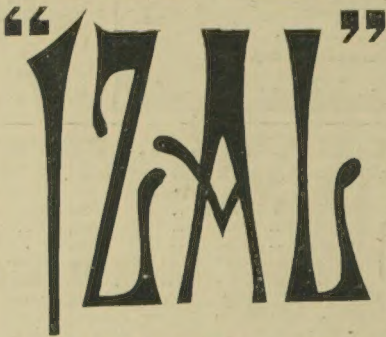
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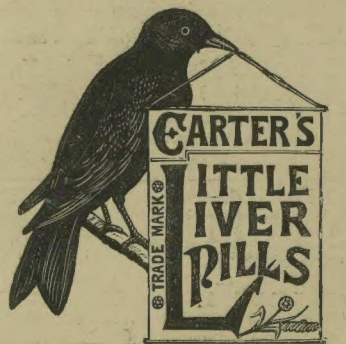


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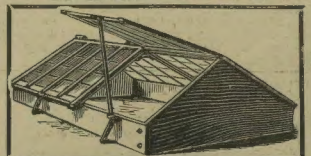


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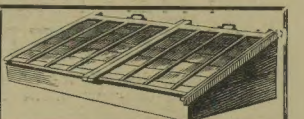
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